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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Parties With Problems

THE present political situation in Britain is somewhat intriguing. An one writer has observed, both the major national parties—Conservatives and Labour—are groping about with considerable embarrassment for something solid to cling to. In the case of the Conservatives, they are wondering about their future leadership; in the case of the Socialists, they are wondering about their programme. The Tories, for several reasons, are keeping their worries to themselves. For one thing, there is very little that any one of them can do to influence the outcome of the gentlemanly struggle for power. No one disputes Sir Winston Churchill's right to bequeath the leadership to Mr Eden, if he feels so disposed. But there is the question of Mr Eden's health. If it does not allow him to wear Sir Winston Churchill's mantle after he has decided to surrender it, then Mr R. A. Butler is there waiting patiently for it to descend on his shoulders. The struggle (if it can be put as high as that) is not, therefore, a very vigorous one, for the elements involved are not the sort to make a public display of the issue.

THE Labour Party is undoubtedly going through a painful and public struggle for power which seems to have less and less real meaning because to some extent the outcome appears to be obvious. The great sprawling centre of the party, together with the powerful right-wing leadership of the big trade unions, is apparently in full control. This will probably be proved conclusively at the Labour Party annual conference which opens next Monday. The Margate meeting seems likely to develop into an unseemly and squalid row over the party's future programme. That the basic document scheduled for discussion, "Challenge to Britain," with its modest and uncertain outline of a policy of moderation, will be adopted seems fairly certain. But the Bevanites will suffer defeat in this direction more or less gladly if they can win victories for their candidates to the Executive Council. This is where the real tussle for Labour Party power will take place.

NEW AIR SPEED RECORD

OF 737.3 mph

Outstanding Performance By British Plane

ANOTHER TEST TODAY

CASTEL IDRIS, LIBYA SEPT. 25.
THE BRITISH SUPERMARINE SWIFT JET FIGHTER SET A NEW WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD OF 737.3 MILES PER HOUR (1,183 KILOMETRES) TODAY. ROYAL AERO CLUB OBSERVERS ANNOUNCED.

Lieutenant Commander Michael Lithgow, 33-year-old test pilot who flew the Swift over the desert course here, thus bettered by ten miles an hour the 727.6 miles (1,171 kilometres) an hour record claimed for the Hawker Hunter jet flown by Squadron Leader Neville Duke in Britain this month.

The builders of the plane, Vickers Armstrong, said they would not claim the world record until they had seen the results of further attempts to be made on Saturday over the course of nearly two miles (three kilometres).

The international regulations provide that a claim must be lodged within 48 hours. Vickers believe the Swift can greatly improve on today's speed, since the test was not flown in perfect conditions and fuel gauge trouble forced the pilot to cut short his run into the course because he feared his tanks were low.

New instruments are being flown out from London and mechanics were working all-out tonight to fix up the present one.—Reuter.

Party "Rebels" Make An Appeal To Malan

Capetown, Sept. 25.
Four United Party "rebels" tonight appealed to the South African Prime Minister, Dr Daniel Malan, to suspend the Nationalist Government's controversial new Bill for a court of constitutional appeal.

The four "rebels," who recently left the United Party's Parliamentary caucus over disagreements with the leadership, asked Dr Malan to try once more to resolve Parliamentary differences over the franchise rights of coloured (mixed race) voters "in a peaceful manner."

The four members, Bjar Cortez, Frank Waring, Bailey Bekker and Abraham Jonker, in a statement issued tonight appealed to the Government to withdraw the new Bill and at the next session, starting late in January, to re-introduce a Bill designed simply to transfer the non-African coloured voter of mixed race from the common roll to a separate register for group representation in the South African Parliament.—Reuter.

15 Fishermen Die In Gales

Paris, Sept. 25.
Fifteen men were today known to have died in Atlantic gales as battered French fishing boats returned to port. More than 2,500 acres of rich Normandy farm land lay under water today, after the sea broke dykes and swept inland during last night's peak equinoctial tide. No lives were lost, but scores of farms were isolated.—Reuter.

McCarthy Sending Man To Korea

New York, Sept. 25.
Senator Joseph McCarthy said today that Senator Charles E. Potter (Republican, Michigan) will go to Korea to investigate war atrocities and the disappearance of 3,000 missing American prisoners.

Mr McCarthy spoke on the steps of the sub-treasury building where he received the "Bill of Rights" medal from the War, Street post of the American Legion.

He told newsmen that he had talked over the Korean situation with Senator Potter and had agreed to let him handle the trip and investigation as he sees fit.

Mr Potter is a member of the Senate Permanent Investigating Sub-Committee headed by Mr McCarthy. Mr Potter was wounded three times during the last war. The last time he was wounded he lost his legs in the battle for Colmar, France, in 1945.—United Press.

Temple Open To Untouchables

Deogarh, India, Sept. 26.
Pondicherry Hindu priests have decided to throw open the gates of Balidanath temple here today to allow the entry of Harijans—untouchables. It was at this temple last week the priests beat off with their fists a party of Harijans who tried to enter the temple led by Acharya Vinoba Bhave, a close associate of the late Mahatma Gandhi.—China Mail Special.

ANKARA PLANE CRASH LATEST

Ankara, Sept. 25.
Latest reports on the crash of the Turkish passenger plane here are that four were killed and six seriously injured. Two others were slightly hurt in the disaster. Of the four dead, three were crew members and one a passenger. The reports said that air hostess, Metin Ozguc, girl, was responsible for the rescue of eight of those aboard the plane.—France-Press.

Opens Dutch Parliament



Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, seated in the Royal Throne, makes her speech to open the new session of the Dutch parliament at The Hague, watched by her husband Prince Bernhard (right).—London Express.

Russians To Free Norwegian POWs

Moscow, Sept. 25.
The Soviet Government agreed today to release five Norwegians captured by the Red Army while serving with the Germans during the war. The Norwegians have been in gaol in Russia since the war.

The Norwegian soldiers, captured in the closing stages of the war, were taken afterwards to a Soviet camp.

The Norwegian Embassy spokesman said it was not yet known when they would be freed.

When they are released, the number of Norwegian citizens detained for various reasons by the Soviet Union will be reduced to three.

He added that one of the remaining three was expected to be handed over, while the Red Cross was investigating the cases of others about whom information was sought.

A NEW POLICY
Observers here regarded the Soviet decision as similar to the recent grant of visas to the wives of six Americans and one British after a long wait.

It was also, they added, in line with the current Soviet policy of "peaceful negotiations" to relieve disputed questions. It is understood here that the Danish Government has been in touch with the Soviet Union over the release of a number of Danes captured while serving with the German Army.

(Earlier today the East German Interior Ministry announced that the first of a series of repatriations of East German prisoners of war from Russia had begun, in accordance with the Moscow agreement signed last month).

The Embassy spokesman here said tonight the Soviet decision was conveyed verbally today to the Ambassador, Mr Jens Schlobo, by Mr Georg M. Fushkin, a member of the Foreign Ministry Collection.

The Ambassador was told the Soviet Union was "raising no objection to the repatriation" of five soldiers who joined the German Army during the Quisling regime in occupied Norway.

The Embassy declined to disclose the names of the men, but said details would be released by the Foreign Ministry in Oslo.—Reuter.

FRENCH GUNS BLAST TRAPPED RED REBELS

Heaviest Barrage Of The Indo-China War

Hanoi, Sept. 25.
French artillery loosed its heaviest barrage since World War II today against thousands of trapped rebels entrenched in four fortified villages tucked behind French lines in the Red River delta.

A French spokesman said a crack Vietminh regiment and two encircled militia battalions had suffered losses of at least 260 men so far in the three days of Operation Pico at Hungyen, 30 miles southeast of Hanoi.

General Henri Navarre, French commander-in-chief in Indo-China, said the combined drive by tanks, planes, river gunboats, infantry and the heaviest concentration of artillery yet seen in Indo-China was "more than simply a clean-up operation".

The aim was to wipe out the elite 42nd Communist regiment which for two years has operated within the French Union's perimeter. Freeing of the French rear would allow full attention for the coming autumn offensive.

The 3,000-odd Reds were described as deeply dug in amid elaborate underground workshops and storerooms. Flame-throwers, grenades and hand-to-hand bayonet fighting were needed to dig them out.

The attackers suffered "appreciable" but undisclosed losses. Loyal Vietnamese foot soldiers were hampered by the rain-swollen rice fields and dyke-top trails were flooded by torrential downpours.

French commentators said that, if the operation were successful, the French would gain at least a month's respite in their build-up for the winter fighting.

The Hungyen Reds have been a constant threat to the Hanoi-Huiphong highway, channel for the arrival of American goods.—United Press.

HO'S APPEAL
The Vietminh leader, Ho Chi Minh, meanwhile launched a radio appeal calling on his forces to intensify their fight against the French "imperialists".

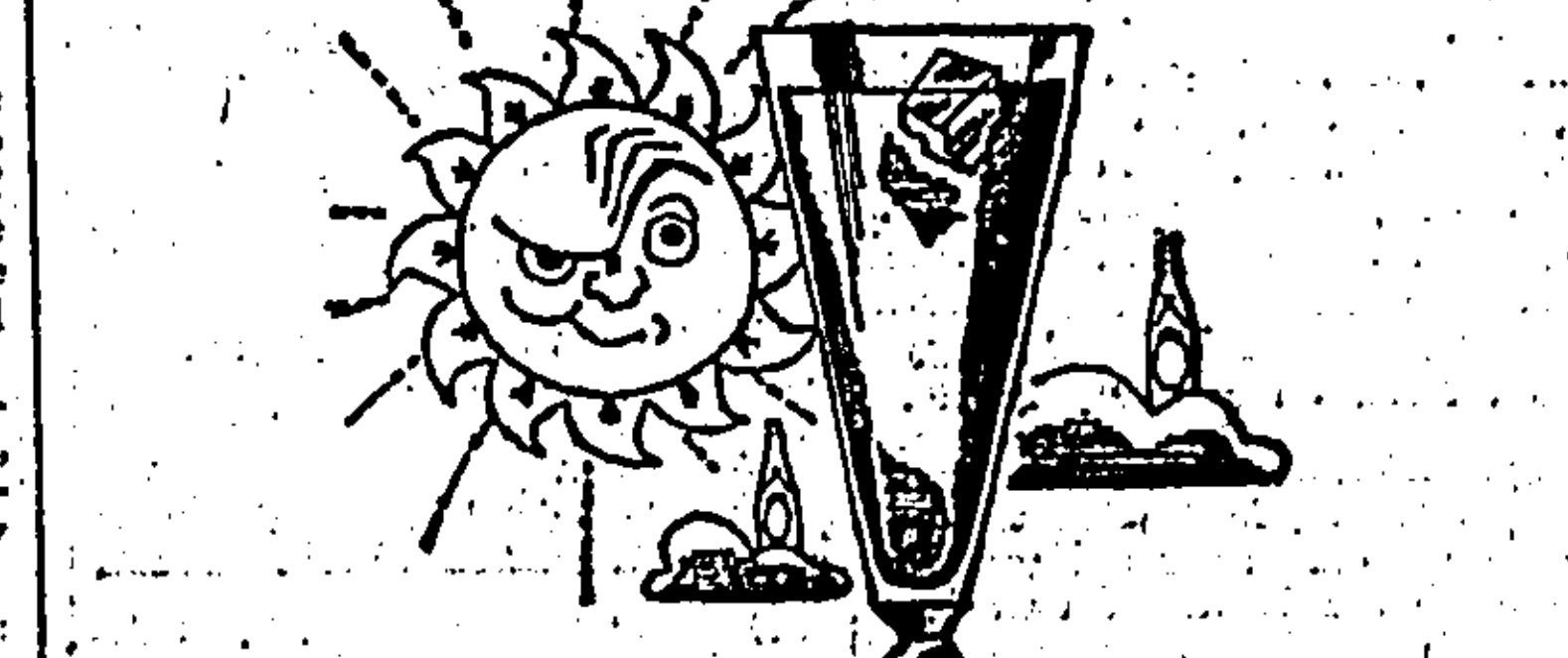
"The harder the fight gets, the more the pile up—the more our people will be resolute," he declared.

Saying the enemy was becoming "cruel in its defeat," the Red leader said the fight would still be long and difficult. He called for an intensification of guerrilla tactics. He asked the hard-core Communists to "explain the truth in all sincerity to those misled by the enemy" and exhorted them to raise all possible recruits for the cause of independence.

French circles interpreted the appeal directed mainly to the Southern Vietminh rebels celebrating the eighth anniversary of the Battle of Nam Ha, which was one of the earliest fights of the war, as showing concern for the Communist cause.

They claimed rebel strength in Southern Vietnam was steadily declining. They said that from a

United Nations, Sept. 25.
The General Assembly adjourned at 4:42 p.m. GMT today at 6:45 p.m. GMT.—United Press.

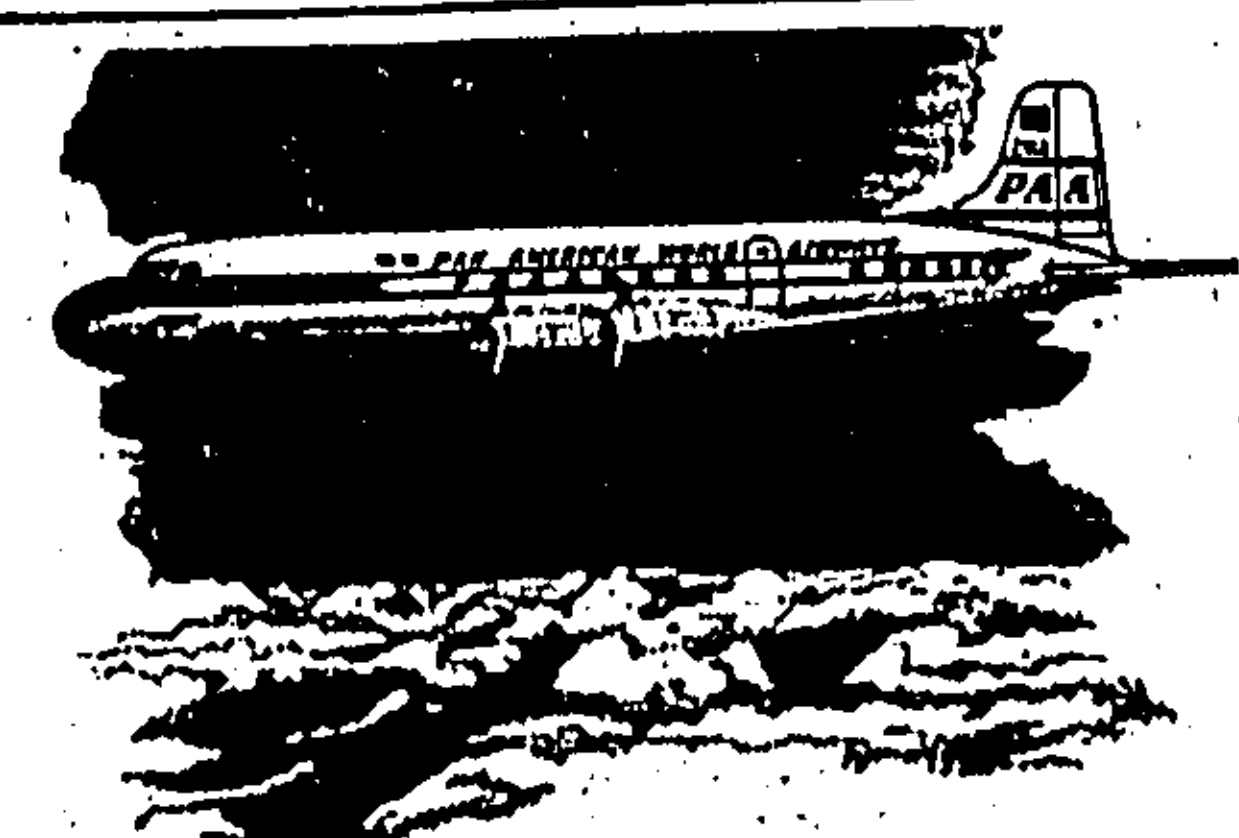
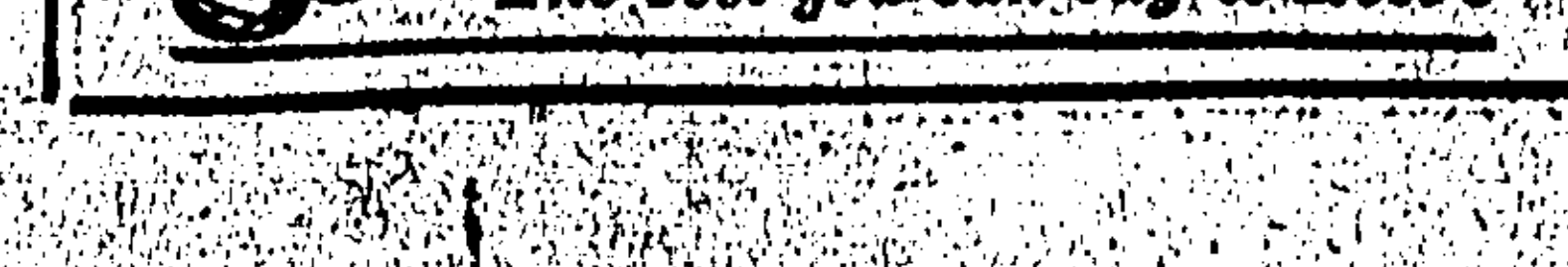


Which drink is the quickest quencher?

OF ALL THE DRINKS on earth the most refreshing and reviving is lime juice. This is a fact you can prove to yourself, in a few enjoyable seconds, next time the sun shines. You will also find that this cool clear, cordial restores your energy on sultry, sunless days. So the best idea is to drink lots of lime juice all the summer through—can you think of a more enjoyable health rule than that?

WHAT IS LIME JUICE? It's the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. The best lime juice is made by those who grow their own limes. The juice is then added to delicious fruit drinks. It's the surest of getting the real thing, with specially selected limes.

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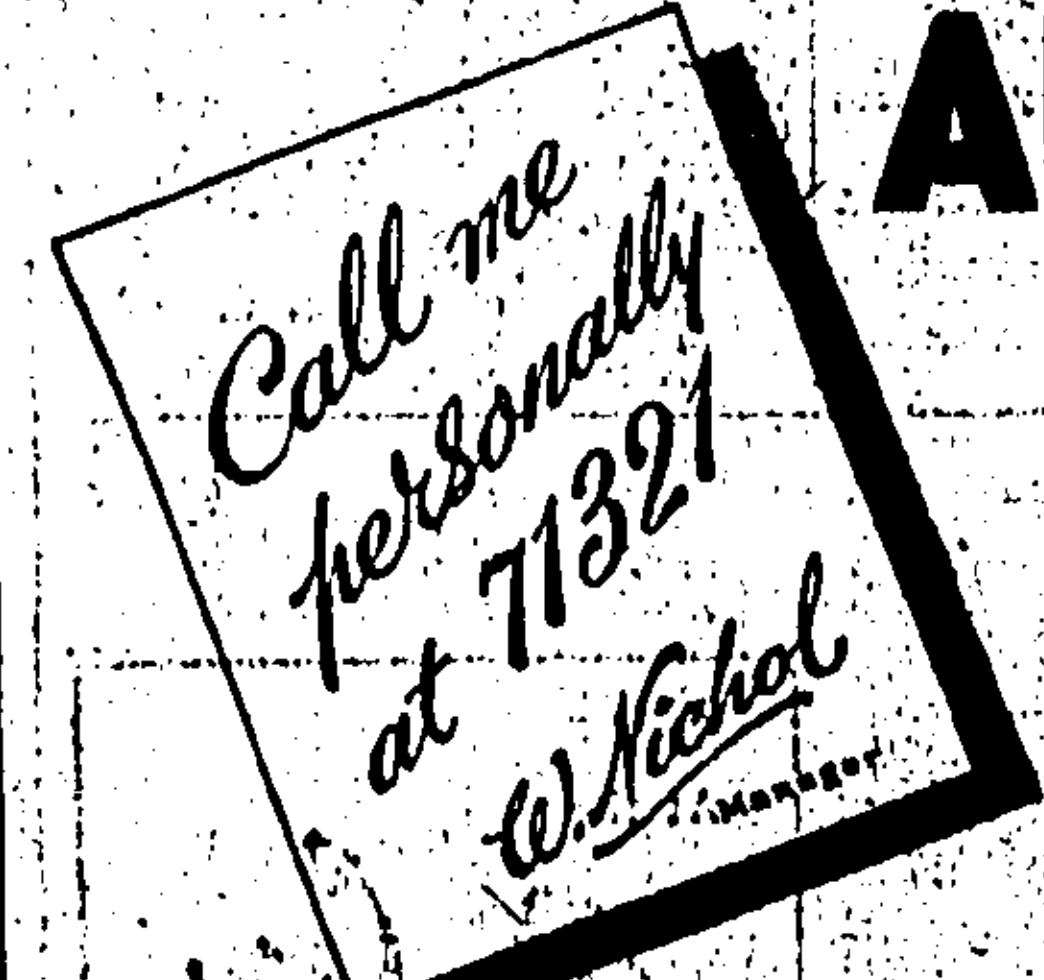


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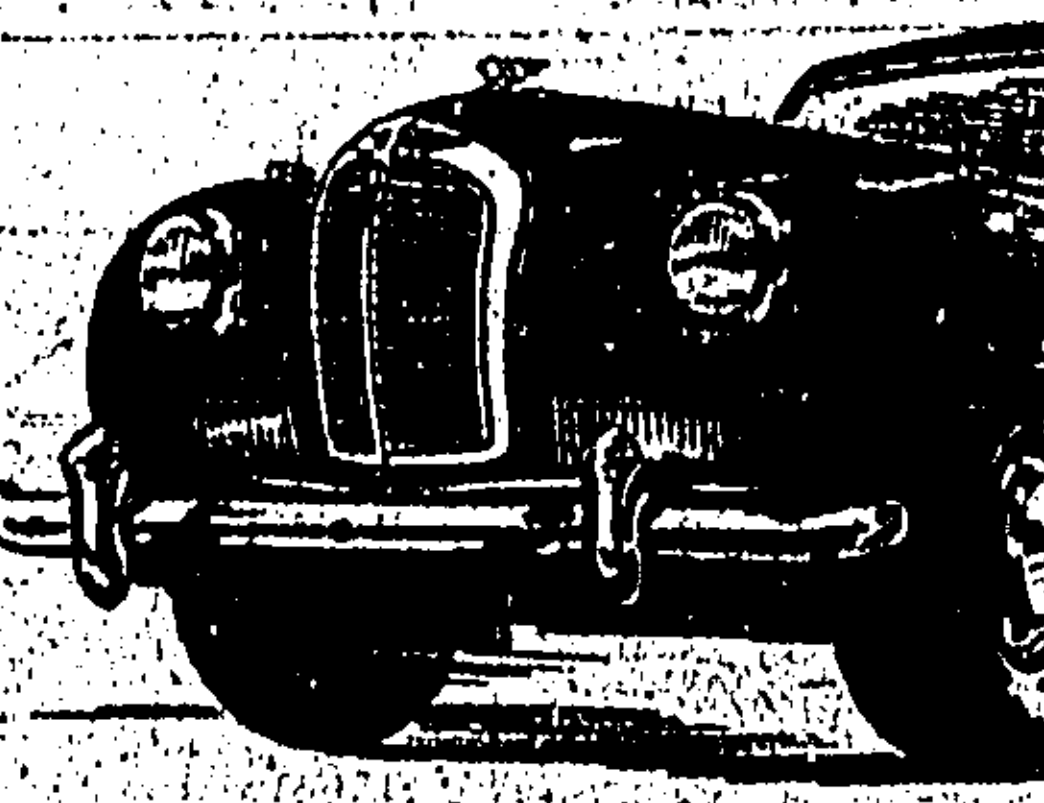
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SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW AT KING'S
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

SANGAREE
IN 3 DIMENSION
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
STARRING FERNANDO LAMAS ARLENE PATRICIA DAHL-MEDINA
FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN - CHARLES KORMIN - TOM DRAKE
JOHN SUTTON - WILLARD PARKER - Screenplay by DAVID DUNCAN
Adaptation by FRANK MOSS - From the novel by Frank S. Taylor - Directed by EDWARD LUDWIG - Produced by William R. Price and William C. Thomas - A Paramount Picture

ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

EMPIRE at 12.30 p.m. PRINCESS at 11.15 a.m.
20th Century-Fox presents "ALL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS" Columbia Pictures presents "3 STOOGES COMEDY AND COLOR CARTOONS"
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DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

NEW DEPTHS **ON THE PANORAMIC SCREEN** NEW THRILLS
(Extra Performance on Sunday at 12.30 p.m.)

M-G-M's flaming love story of a Queen-to-be
YOUNG BESS
STARRING SIMMONS GRANGER KERR LAUGHTON
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It's M-G-M and BIG! It's TECHNICOLOR and MUSICAL!
★ ESTHER WILLIAMS ★
"DANGEROUS WHEN WET"
STARRING FERNANDO LAMAS JACK CARSON

Commencing To-morrow At The **Cathay**
As Exciting as Anything of its kind I have yet seen on the screen—"Evening Standard."
Dirk BOGARDE • Ian HUNTER • Dinah SHERIDAN in
"APPOINTMENT in LONDON"
with Walter FITZGERALD • Bryan FORBES
Produced by Aubrey Baring & Maxwell Setton

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ASK FOR HEINEKEN'S PILSENER BEER
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



IT'S "BACK TO SCHOOL" TOO FOR THE CHILDREN OF HOLLYWOOD

By JENNIFER JOHNS

Hollywood. Driving through Beverly Hills the other day I heard something that has been absent from these parts for two months and more. This something was the musical chime of school-bells.

Most American schools open for the autumn term in September and the schools in Hollywood, for all the glamour that buzzes about Junior's parents, are no exception.

Occasionally one sees a chauffeur-driven Cadillac

For the most part, however, the children of the stars mingle contentedly enough with the 400,000 other children who get their education in the public (grammar) schools of Greater Los Angeles.

There are, of course, bound to be differences between the outlooks of children of famous filmstars and the children of more ordinary Angelinos. The children whose parents are names on everybody's lips enjoy luxurious allowances, they have most things that money can buy and they live in a world of reflected glory. Their parents, however, do their best—in most cases—to

see that these advantages are not made an excuse for loafing. Humphrey Bogart is emphatic for one: "If I ever hear my kid bragging that his father has two Cadillacs I'll wallop him!" This year the mother's back-to-school parade has been led by Joan Crawford. Christina and Christopher, the two elder Crawford children, have returned to boarding school in Palos Verdes—35 miles from Hollywood. The Crawford twins (Cathy and Cynthia, 6) have been enrolled in a public school in nearby Brentwood. And Mrs. Crawford has settled down to her painting. "I miss them—but oh, the peace of it!" A comment besides shows that, having Beverly Hills as ordinary parents too!

accent. It fits well into any kind of role. In the "Thirteenth Letter" I played a Canadian, in "Five Fingers" a Scottish Yard man; Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables" and an American sea captain in "Dangerous Crossing". You see what I mean?

Acutely conscious of my Californian drawl, I saw what he meant.

EXTRA STAR

Extra star in "Sabrina Fair" (Humphrey Bogart and Audrey Hepburn) will be the French liner "Liberte". The script calls for a dock-side sequence as the vessel leaves New York on October 2nd.

The shots are some of the most important in the picture and, wet or fine, the cameramen will be there.

Nothing to do with actual films but Mario Lanza is collecting royalties on his longest miles.

For the first time in her life Paulette Goddard is avoiding the Press. No reason why. Bob Hope was sold out two weeks ago for his forthcoming fortnight at the Palladium.

Orson Welles plays a Russian General (who is doorman by night) in "Paris By Night".

Jose Ferrer has formed a music publishing company under his own name. First tune: "Love Is A Beautiful Stranger." Kathryn Grayson has been ordered by her doctor to take a complete rest. Trouble is an anemic condition. Plus the trouble that she has now had to cancel a two-month concert tour.

Frank Sinatra broke all records in an eight-day engagement at 500 Club in Atlantic City. Three shows a night filling the supper spot to its 350-seat capacity every time.

The filming of Ernest Hemingway's "Old Man and the Sea" has been delayed for two years. The producer (and Hemingway) are prepared to wait that long for Spencer Tracy, on contract elsewhere until 1955.

BRIEFS.....

Producer John Ford is to ask President Eisenhower to appear in "The Long Gray Line" starring John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara.

Jane Wyman will have two top actors—Agnes Moorehead and Charles Bickford—supporting her in "Magnificent Obsession". You should remember them from "Johnny Belinda".

Bob Hope's "Here Come The Girls" is expected to be one of the biggest money-makers let loose by Paramount for a long while.

Abbott and Costello are back home again. They tell me that they learned to play cricket (well) between shows in Britain.

Visiting Mrs. Dame Clark at her studio (she paints as a hobby but paints well) I came across a big sign: "Beware of the Dogs!" The dogs are two poodles affectionate-plus, but the sign helps keep unwanted visitors away.

MODEST MAN

I went along to see Michael Rennie the other day and found all 6ft. 3in. of him still left in wondering disbelief that he really was chosen to play Peter the Fisherman in "The Robe".

Rennie is a modest man at all times. Now he's more than ever. He considers the opportunity given him to play Peter his greatest chance yet and explains that the role gives him personal satisfaction too.

"Peter, to me, represents loyalty, intrepid courage and steadfast faith in a great ideal. He epitomizes unselfish love—love of God and love of fellow men."

Selling that he has now scaled the heights as far as this screen is concerned, I asked Rennie whether being a Yorkshireman had hindered his career in Hollywood. He is quite certain that it hasn't.

"In actual fact I think it's helped. I have had less speech problems than British players who come to the States after years in British theatre and pictures. I've had to eliminate some Anglicisms and I think I've now achieved what might be called an 'international' accent."

NICOLE MAUREY REVEALS

The Proper Way To Select A Mate By Mail

By RON BURTON

Hollywood. Nicole Maurey, a Parisian importation who plays Bing Crosby's leading lady in his new movie, reveals the proper way to select a mate by mail. The male-by-mail technique got her a husband.

Miss Maurey said a man offered her his seat on a crowded subway. Before she had arrived at her stop, he'd asked her name, phone number and related data.

She was shrewd. She gave him a post office box address, told him to write her three letters and she would consider his application.

This man, who turned out to be named Jacques, was analysed by Nicole from his letters.

"I think I can tell the character of any man if I read three letters from him," she explained. "Jacques, he seemed to have a sense of humour, and, as we say, a certain tendresse. Alors, after his third letter, we got married."

The French actress, who came here to complete the film "Little Boy Lost" with Crosby, said the story deals with war-time France and the resistance movement.

War correspondent Crosby marries her—a French singer—and finds himself with an orphan son when she is killed halfway through the movie.

Miss Maurey had only one complaint about the United States. She said she resented what seems to be a rather prevalent belief that French girls have a relaxed sense of morals. "They think that just because you come from Paris, you... Well, I think that we in France have as good virtue as women in the United States," she concluded.

That man who came here from France with her? Oh, that's her husband.

Yvonne de Carlo likes to go to Britain to make movies because for some reason the casting experts there see her as something besides a sexy-looking brunette who can dance and sing and dress up a western or Arabian Nights tale.

The much-travelled actress is off again to London for her fourth British film, an Irish story to be made by ABC which is tentatively entitled "O'Leary's Night."

"David Niven and Barry Fitzgerald are also to be in the film," Miss de Carlo said before she left. "Part of the time we will be on location in Ireland. I expect to be back here in about three months."

The star's last previous effort in Britain was an especially enjoyable one for her, since she was one of the two leading ladies for Alec Guinness in "Captain's Paradise".

"I suppose Guinness is just about the No. 1 male star in British films," Miss de Carlo said. "At least he's the most popular one so far as the American public is concerned. I'm not sure just how widely seen 'Captain's Paradise' will be in this country, however, because there seems to be some quibbling over the fact that it's a comedy about bigamy. It may be limited to the smaller 'art' houses."

"But it is a very funny play. It was sent to me when I was in London some months ago and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. I told the producer he had a deal with me right then if he could get Guinness to play the male lead. I was told Guinness couldn't possibly be available for it—I always had a feeling maybe they hadn't thought about trying to get him—but a few weeks later I was told he would do it, so I lost no time in signing a contract."

Miss de Carlo had just completed another Hollywood western for Universal-International before she went across for "O'Leary's Night."

"I don't mind the horse and sand operas so much now that I get a chance to do other things in British pictures," she said. "Fortunately, I also like to travel."—United Press.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Cinemascope Demonstration previously scheduled for 24th September will now definitely be held on

Monday, 28th September at 11 a.m.

AT THE ROXY THEATRE.

All invited guests are cordially requested to attend.

As the demonstration will start promptly at 11 a.m. all guests are especially asked to arrive early. Guests are also asked to present their invitation cards.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX HONG KONG INC.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

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RAISING KING OF PREHISTORIC SEA-GIANTS!

"The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms"
WARNER BROS. PRESENTATION OF THE BEAST
PAUL CHRISTIAN PAULA RAYMOND CECIL KILLAWAY

QUEEN'S:- 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

ROXY & BROADWAY
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

JANE RUSSELL MARILYN MONROE
in HOWARD HAWKS
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
TECHNICOLOR

ROXY: To-morrow 5 Shows of
"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"
Extra Performance at 12.00 Noon.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show at 12 Noon
NEWEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME
Presented by 20th Century-Fox
Reduced Admission: \$1.20 & 70c.

SHOWING **STAR** AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
TO-DAY
A FASCINATING STORY OF THE PAST 50 YEARS!

CE SIECLE A 50 ANS
(THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES)
ENGLISH NARRATION. French subtitles.

See the Discovery and Development of Airplanes from the Wright Brothers Through Lindbergh Up To Our Day. The First World War 1914-1918. The Russian Revolution. The League of Nations. The Great Scientist: Einstein, 1879-1955. The Dark Years: Meeting at Munich, & 1939 The World War II.

Released by Pathé Overseas Ltd.
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
"ROME, OPEN CITY"
English Subtitles, An Italian Picture.

TO-DAY ONLY **MAJESTIC** AIR-CONDITIONED
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

Barbara STANWYCK Robert PRESTON Stephen McNALLY
"The Lady Gambles"

★ OPENS TO-MORROW ★

Ginger ROGERS • Jack CARSON
The Groom Wore Spurs
with JOAN DAVIS • STANLEY KUBRICK • JAMES BRONN

RIALTO

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A true story taken from the pages of China's history

GENERAL CHAI AND LADY BALSAM
Starring LI LI HUA
A Chinese Picture
WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

PRINCESS TOMORROW

EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.15 A.M.
ALL NEW TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS & THE THREE STOOGES FROM COLUMBIA
Admissions: \$1.50 and \$1.00

LEE-CHEAT WORLD

FINAL TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

A Chinese Picture
THE PEERLESS BEAUTY
with English Subtitles

TO-MORROW

TONY CURTIS PIPER LAURIE
"NO ROOM for the GROOM"
DUN DeFORE
Spring-Byington

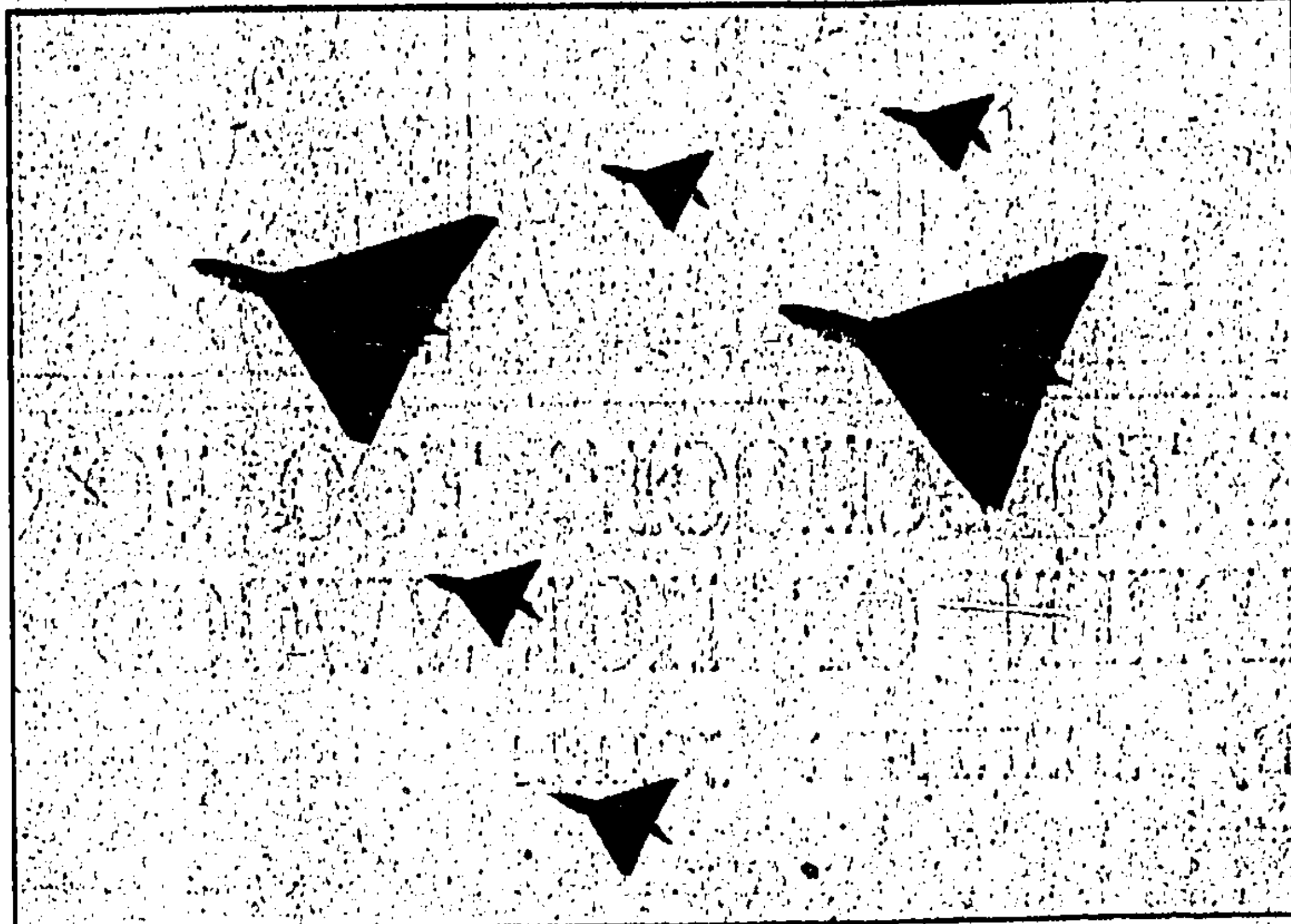
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE GREAT WORLD
At 11.30 a.m. At 12.30 p.m.
Walt Disney's U-I presents
CARTOONS COLOUR COLOUR
At Reduced Prices!

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SMILING happily are Mr Louis George Bourcier and his 26-year-old bride, Camilla De la Bere, daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, after their recent wedding at St Michael's, Cornhill. A reception was held later at the Mansion House, attended by more than 700 guests. (Express)



SCREAMING through the air in perfect formation, two of the newest-type Delta Wing bombers, escorted by four Delta Wing fighters, flash across the skies during the recent air show at Farnborough. (Express)



REMOVAL of the ceremonial arches which were erected down the Mall as part of the London Coronation decorations began recently. In the foreground two men can be seen on the top of one of the arches — they have just lowered one of the emblems which surmounted the structure. Buckingham Palace may be seen in the background. (Express)



AWAITING her cue is Miss Ruth Mikardo, 22-year-old daughter of Mr Ian Mikardo, M.P., before going on stage to play a part in an Aristophanes comedy with the Hovenden Players. The Players took over the basement of St Anne's, bombed church in Soho, and presented The Clouds of Aristophanes to a full house. (Express)



MADAME Jacqueline Auriol, aviator daughter-in-law of the French President, and the second woman in the world to break through the sound barrier, watching the Farnborough air show with her 12-year-old son, Jean-Paul. (Express)



THE Yugoslav Ambassador to London (left) chats with the Hon. James Smith, Chairman of the Directors of the Sadler's Wells Trust, on the first night of the Yugoslav National Dancers' performance at Sadler's Wells. (Express)



MISS Florence Horsbrugh, Education Minister, recently drove from her Ministry in Curzon Street to attend her first meeting as a full member of the Cabinet. She is the first woman Conservative Cabinet Minister. (Express)



MARINA de Gabarain, Spanish contralto, who has been singing in Rossini's "La Cenerentola" at the Edinburgh Festival, carries a bouquet of gladioli as she lands at Northolt Airport on her way to make some records in London. (Express)



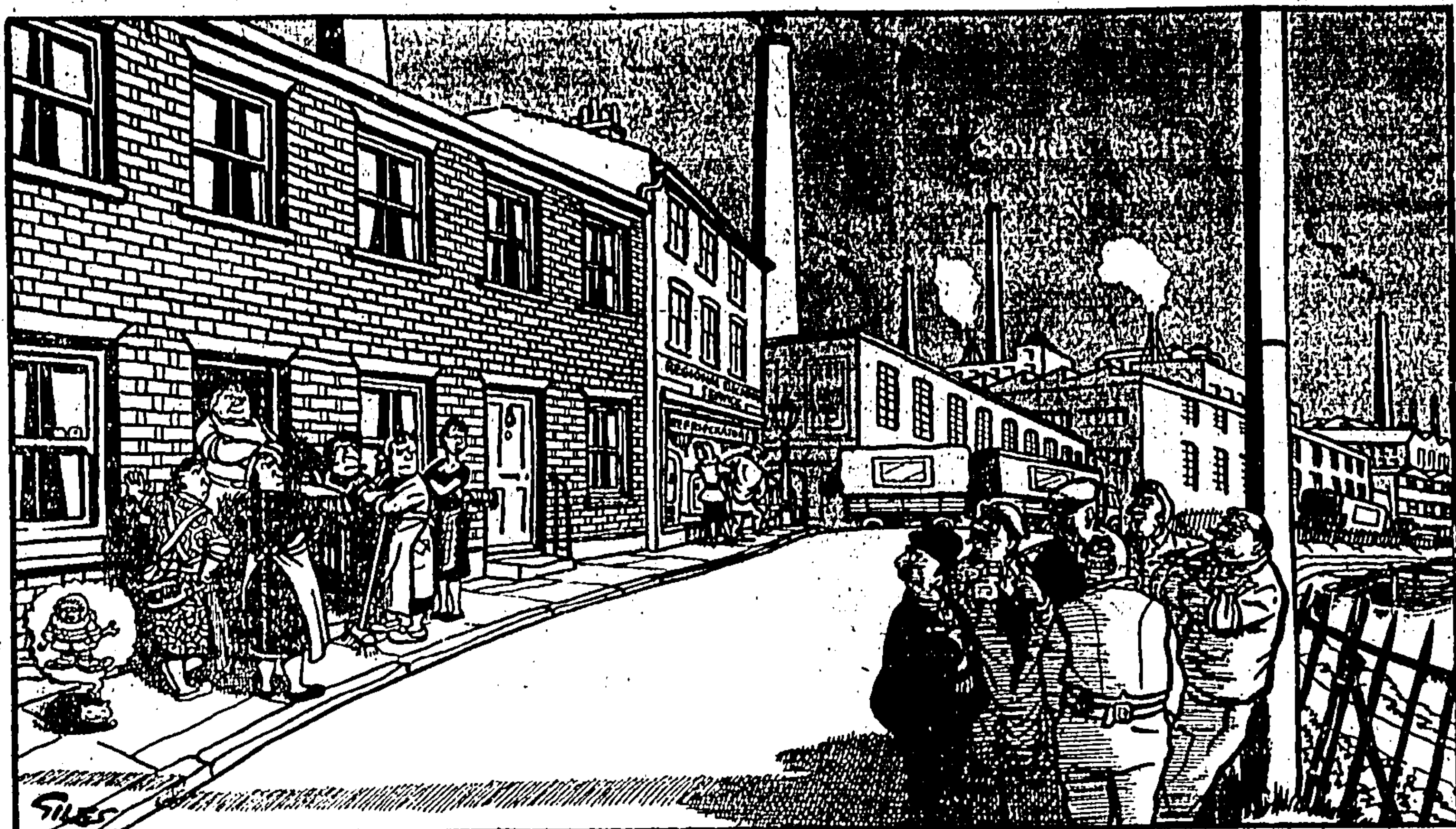
AFTER a sightseeing tour of London, Sir Edmund Hillary, the man who conquered Everest, helps Lady Hillary to fill in her diary. They were married in New Zealand at the beginning of this month. (Express)

BECAUSE British Embassy doctors did not want to send her to a Moscow hospital, Miss Phyllis Dyson, 34-year-old governess to the family of a First Secretary at Moscow, is seen carried off the plane after being flown home recently. She is suspected of having infantile paralysis. (Express)

NANCY The Ears Have It



By Ernie Bushmiller



"If we had men for husbands they'd make their Mr Doakin fit them up with little Eskimo suits to go with his wage-freeze policy." London Express Service

★ AN EX-KING TALKS ABOUT HIS MARRIAGE

"AMONG the compensations for losing a throne is the right to do what one likes. Included in such freedom is the right to end a marriage which has not worked out." So said King Peter of Yugoslavia a few weeks ago when we were discussing his preparations for the "last interview" in Biarritz with his wife, Queen Alexandra.

It was an encounter which sentimental prophets had said would lead to a reconciliation, but there was no sentiment in young Peter's voice when he spoke to me of the beautiful young princess whom he made his bride nine years ago.

"You can lift the veil on another royal romance," he said, "as soon as my lawyers are ready."

And indeed nothing could have seemed more romantic than the whirlwind courtship and the sudden wedding in wartime London. Mr Churchill blessed the match. King George VI was best man; all the exiled royalties were there.

"She was three years older than me," King Peter went on, "and I was only 20. We were supposed to be wildly infatuated. Nothing of the sort."

"Kings must marry and have sons to succeed them. Our choice of wives is very limited. It was a politically suitable match. But now? In exile a royal divorce is quickly forgotten."

TANTALISED

UNTIL his marriage Peter never had to worry about what anything might cost. In the last few years he has had to worry about little else. And he is further tantalised today by visions of fortune after fortune just outside his grasp.

Before Yugoslavia was invaded by Hitler the country's gold reserve had been taken to safety. One wagon-load went to London, another to Washington, a third to Istanbul.

There was £300,000 in Paris, so King Peter's exiled Government in England had no money cares. Nor had he.

"During the war," he says, "I must have drawn a quarter of a million pounds in salary and expenses. I gave my mother £130,000; my brothers £30,000 each. Expenses ran high, but I had £80,000 cash left at the end of the war."

"Then there was a trust fund of £100,000 left me in England by my father. I sold what was left of this, £60,000, on my son's only life. Interest is nice, and even out of that I must school my son."

When Tito proclaimed a republic Peter refused to accept

PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA says: You can lift the veil on another royal romance and, of the future, he adds: "In exile, a royal divorce is quickly forgotten."

CHARLES FOLEY talks to a man haunted by his phantom fortunes

It was when troubles began.

"I was told by Tito that if I abdicated and severed all ties with my country he would pay me £10,000 a year tax free. I refused."

So King Peter's salary stopped on August 8, 1945.

What is the value of these lost estates? Peter puts it at £25,000,000. It includes such items as a gold mine; he recalls importing a £70,000 dredger from England to work it. In the last year before the war it produced 350lb. of pure gold.

"My gold-mine today is worth £4,000,000—nice thing for Tito."

To King Peter, in this mood, the world is a place's chart

scattered with hidden treasure. The assets in Yugoslavia of the family bank which made great loans to the State—gone. Nearly £5,000,000 of gold in Brazil—frozen because Tito claims it. Other gold hoards—blocked in European capitals.

A Rembrandt, valued at £300,000—stolen by the Germans from the royal collection in Belgrade. "I am on its track," he says.

Haunted by phantom millions, King Peter soon found the thousands slipping through his fingers. Yugoslav exiles continued to regard him as the "notional bank" for loans and credit.

Each day he got so much from the court treasurer—after re-

ceiving a few visitors it would be gone.

In Madrid Peter is still given semi-royal honours. He is the lion of every social gathering and duennas press forward to curtsy; the State provides him with a limousine, chauffeur, and two police inspectors.

One night we drove out to a Castilian farm for a feast. The main course was sucking-pig; Peter, in shirt-sleeves and attended by an obsequious host, larded and turned it on a spit.

We dined at midnight in the courtyard. There were toasts, the keeping of Serbian songs; choruses led by the bodyguard.

Next morning, a call from Paris, another from London: more headlines—"Royalty on the rocks." "King Peter is suing for divorce."

"GOSH, NO!"

PETER slips easily into the current American argot. Asked whether he does not get tired of the detectives who cram themselves into the front seat of the car wherever he goes, and he says: "Gosh, no! I've been followed all my life. Fair

enough, I suppose—most of my family have been bumped off."

"The Commies tried to get me too; that was in 1938, at Sarajevo, of all places—the famous bumping-off ground. In France the cops follow me. But in England they've given it up."

England—where live his mother, Queen Marie, and his two brothers. England—the land of his youth and his friendship with the Royal Family. He is Queen Victoria's great-great-grandson and his wife ("so suitable") a cousin of the Mountbattens.

"I have asked no help from anyone," he says. "When I saw the reception you arranged in London for Tito I knew just where I stood. I had a fleeting idea of piloting a plane that day to Belgrade; might have been fun to see what happened when I landed in my capital."

Another dream, another vision. Yet, if there is a divorce, and if ever Peter goes back to a Titoless Yugoslavia he will surely have "to marry and have sons" once more.

I have the assurance of an authority on such matters. "Kings are always eligible," she says.

Iron Curtain In The Arctic

By FRED MANOR

Kirkenes, Norway. RUSSIA is turning her Arctic Ocean region into a formidable industrial and military base.

New towns and new industries are springing up in what used to be empty tundra.

Whether these feverish activities merely denote another phase in Russia's industrial expansion, or whether they have a more sinister purport, remains an enigma, which even the most daring observers leave unsolved.

I stood in the Norwegian hamlet of Svanvik (so-called because it has always been a mooring ground for swans) and across the border river Pasvik I watched, fascinated, life in the Russian mining town of Nikel.

Up to 1945 Nikel was the Finnish town of Kolosjoki, and the large nickel deposits there had been exploited (until 1929) by a Canadian company. Although the mines have always been one of the world's prime nickel producing, Kolosjoki before the war had no more than 3,000 inhabitants.

Today the visible part of Nikel will house at least 10,000 people. And below it, in a

hollow screened by a thick forest, are reported to be large barracks for forced labour that keeps the chimney (the tallest in Northern Europe) belching dense smoke day and night seven days a week.

Pechenga, which was the Finnish Petsamo, presents a similar picture, and also here the population, which under the Finnish regime did not exceed 2,000, is now at least four to five times as large.

Further south in this region the Soviet Union has two new power plants, the Janikowski plant completed a year ago, which produces some 20,000 kw, and the Rajakoski plant which will be completed in 1950 and which will produce 30,000 kw.

The real purpose of these plants in a region which, however vast, before the war supported hardly more than 7,000 people, remains another mystery. One thing is certain—the Soviet Union will not sell any of the power to Finnish Lapland where it would be urgently required.

But they cannot prevent people from having a close look at the new Russian town, which lies so close to the river bank that with a pair of strong binoculars one could almost tell what the Norwegian housewives are cooking for dinner.

New roads and a new railway line have been built to connect these recently acquired Russian provinces. From the make them stages on the job, have lived in villages which became a part of extra-territorial Finland on Soviet soil. Finnish today's guess

police keep order there, Finnish shops cater for the workers' needs, and there is no contact whatever with the few Russians, who are there mostly in a supervisory capacity.

The Russians have their own shops, their own canteens, and their own clubs—and keep themselves strictly apart.

With one exception. In this "proletarian" country the Russian engineers, managers and other executives arrived at the site with a domestic staff of such proportions as never existed in Britain even in grandmother's time. Kitchen maids, scullery maids, parlour maids, nursery maids, housewives—in short, about a dozen maids for every family of a Communist boss.

The military preparations in the region are naturally carried out under a heavy veil of secrecy. But it is known that there is at least one complete Soviet division in the Petsamo area, and the large power plants clearly indicate other, and important, military installations.

The two power stations have been constructed by Finns, one as "war reparations," and the other under a commercial contract. In spite of the Russian authorities did not seem to have been able or willing to bring their own skilled labour.

Whether the new roads, railways, the power plants, and the unusual increase in population means that the geologists have been successful remains anyone's guess.

The level of the unburnt oil in the reservoir of this eighteenth-century lamp clock marked the hour. (Reproduced by kind permission of the Science Museum, London).

Measuring the hours with an Oil Lamp



Boy scouts, they say, are taught to find the points of the compass with a pocket watch, but the North Germans of the eighteenth century went one better. They told time by means of an oil lamp and derived a pleasant form of illumination into the bargain! The reservoir of this power lamp was graduated to mark the hours from 8 p.m. to 7 a.m., the level of the unburnt oil showing the time.

A hit or miss method indeed; men have found some queer ways of telling the time. Incredible, really, that only two hundred years lie between this lamp clock and the magnificent Rolex Oyster; in terms of progress it would seem to be very much more. Hailed at its birth in 1926 as the first really waterproof wrist watch in the world, the Rolex Oyster

has proved, as well, to be the best waterproof watch in the world.

Its secret is to use the self-sealing action of one metallic surface upon another; and even if you never swim, remember that this foolproof method is meant for you, too. For the real object of the waterproof case is to maintain the splendid Rolex accuracy by protecting the movement from dust and perspiration as well as from water. This it does to perfection—just one of the things that help to make Rolex one of the world's finest watches.



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THE AFFAIR OF GERHARDT EISLER

Captain Jan Cwiklinski of the Polish ship *Batory*, who walked off the vessel and sought asylum in Britain last June, tells how America's Number One Communist stowed away aboard her... an act which brought plenty of trouble. This instalment ends Captain Cwiklinski's exclusive story of the Communist ship's secrets.

HE came aboard on a 25-cent visitor's ticket a few hours before we sailed from New York in May, 1949.

Nobody recognised him. Nobody stopped him. Why should they? The ship was full of visitors.

He disappeared among the crowds who filled the decks. Maybe he leant on the rail and smiled ironically at New York's skyline. Maybe he bought himself a drink in the horse-shoe bar on the sun-deck, and silently toasted whatever it is an escaping Communist would toast.

He was still aboard when the last visitor had answered the last cry of "All visitors ashore, please!" He was still aboard when we dropped the pilot.

Not until two or three days before we reached Southampton did I discover that Elser was America's Number One Communist—that he was on 25,750-bill pending appeal against convictions for contempt of Congress and passport fraud charges.

By stowing away aboard my ship he was breaking bail.

Gave Himself Up

HE gave himself up to the Chief Purser when we were six or seven hours out. He had made no attempt to hide. It was natural enough for him to be mistaken for a passenger.

It takes a day or so to check the passenger lists, and until then table-cards are not handed out. Passengers may sit where they will in the dining-rooms, and Elser wined and dined until he decided that he could expose himself without risk of being sent back.

Maybe, too, he expected sympathetic treatment on an iron curtain vessel, though I doubt if he ever demanded it. I heard of his presence from the Chief Purser, who came to me and reported: "One stow-away, sir."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. He gives the name of Elser. And sir... Since giving himself up he has bought a first-class ticket to Gdynia."

This was something new. Stowaways are not usually people with money. This ought to have been a warning to me, but I didn't take it. The problem was where to put Elser. He may have had a ticket but we did not have a cabin. So we put him in the ship's hospital and there he stayed for the rest of the trip, keeping to himself, sunbathing on the deck—a blond, reserved little man who gave nobody any trouble.

In For Trouble

THE trouble came from elsewhere. When I wired the passenger list ahead to Gdynia, I added: "Also one stowaway."

Next day came a cable from our New York Office: "Give name of stowaway."

I did so. Back came another wire: "Give full details about Elser."

It was enough to tell me that this stowaway was of importance. How important I understood when one of my officers

came to me with an American magazine he had picked up in the lounge. There was Elser's picture, there was the full story about him.

I was in for trouble. All right, I told myself, if they want him they can take him off at Southampton. Up to this moment I had not spoken to Elser, and I did not particularly wish to open up a conversation now. I had to, however. One of my passengers, an American journalist called Jaffe, came to my cabin. "Look, captain, you've got Elser aboard here, you know that. I want a story from him."

I told him that this was up to Elser, and I had the little Communist brought up to me and asked him if he had any objections. He was quite happy to talk to Jaffe. He was very happy, in fact. One of the stewards had heard him singing "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" Jaffe wired his story back to New York and soon every newspaper in the West seemed to be fighting for radio contact with me. I tended them off, saying I could give no information without permission from the Line.

Yard Men Come

THEN we reached Southampton and the explosion came. We lay off Cowes Roads, and about my ship came Scotland Yard men and representatives from the American Embassy. With them, too, came Morski, Counsellor from the Polish Embassy, Panski, head of the Polish Shipping Mission, and London and Ziemkowski, Polish vice-consul in Southampton.

We all met in the officers' smoke-room, while Elser slept quietly in a room near my quarters.

The British asked me point-blank: "What do you know about Elser?" I told them I must act on orders from the Poles present. Their orders were pretty blunt: "No."

Then the Americans and Britons went ashore to confer, and when they came back it was still "Can we have Elser?" "I've told you my position, gentlemen. Ask Mr Elser if he will come with you voluntarily."

So we called in the man and they said: "Elser, will you come ashore with us?"

He looked at them without smiling. He looked at me and the Poles. "No," he said, "I shall resist." I think he was still counting on the fact that we would back him up.

The Scottish Yard man told me: "Captain, will you resist?"

"No," I said. "How could I?"

He looked at Elser. It was up to him. I think he realised that nothing was going to stop them taking him ashore. "I request permission to write a message to the public, protesting against your action."

They let him do this, and then they said once more: "Will you come freely?"

"No. You'll have to use force."

Not Much Force

NOT much force was needed. Two men picked him up by the elbows and carried him off the ship. His feet dangled and kicked above the deck-boards and his face was red. That was the last I saw of Gerhardt Elser.

But not by any means the last I heard of him. The Polish officials showed by their faces as they left the *Batory* that, in their opinion, I had come out of the affair very badly. But what was I supposed to do? Arm the crew and resist?

We docked in Gdynia on May 19. I had already wired ahead my report on the Southampton

affair, but I knew that this would not be the end of it. I was really worried.

I was still aboard when I got a phone call from the managing director of the line. "Captain, be in this office at ten tomorrow."

"Why?"

"You are to be interrogated about the Elser affair."

I could tell by his voice that this was to be no ordinary court of enquiry. The usual friendliness had gone out of his tone.

I arrived on time at the company's offices on the Tenth of February Street. I was wearing my best uniform and my war ribbons, including those given me by the Allies. After a wait of a few minutes I was shown into the usual sort of room you'll find in a hundred offices, long and narrow, with a table down its centre. On one wall was a 4ft. photograph of the *Batory*, with the company's flags draped beneath it.

On the opposite wall were pictures of President Blerut, Marshal Jozef Zyminski (a Polish soldier now in disgrace), and Premier Gromulka (also in disgrace now).

I sat down where I was told, on a chair at the centre of the table, facing my interrogators. There were no smiles, no greetings. Each man there was making certain that his attitude toward me did not betray him. When a man comes under investigation behind the Iron Curtain you do not make an exhibition of your past friendship with him.

Opposite me were representatives from the Polish Foreign Office and the Ministry of Shipping, and also the managing director of the Polish Ocean Line. To their rear was a stenographer.

Two Others

THESE I had expected. What intrigued me was the presence of two others. The first was a tall, impressive man sitting in a corner with his hands on his knees. You couldn't have mistaken him for anything but what he was, a man from the U.S. Secret Police. Throughout the enquiry he said nothing, but stared at me with the same expression of attention you might observe in the eyes of a reptile.

The other corner was an unsmiling woman with a notebook. She kept her eyes on my face, noting down my expressions, my reactions to the questioning. She was a human detector.

The Foreign Office man conducted the enquiry. The director of the Line looked out of the window, apparently, he kept clearing his throat, never looking at me.

The questions got to the point at once: "How did Elser come aboard your ship?"

"As I explained in my report, gentlemen. By means of a 25-cent visitor's ticket."

"Who told you to send a telegram to the American authorities when you discovered he was aboard?"

"It is the regular procedure as laid down."

From my brief-case, containing all copies of my telegrams and reports on the Elser case, I produced the company rules which I had been given in 1947. I referred the enquiry to "Procedure with Stowaways."

They looked at it without change of expression.

"How do you know that Elser bought a ticket after he was discovered?"

"From what the purser told me and I was also shown the counterfoil of his first-class ticket at Southampton."

"If he was a passenger then, why did you surrender him?"

Pretty Plain

I made my answer pretty plain. "Nobody surrendered him. He was taken from the ship."

"Did you make no protest?"

"I pointed out to the British and the Americans that I was in command of the *Batory* on the high seas only. In port all

matters of this kind are the concern of the Polish Consulate and officials of the shipping line."

"They obviously regarded this answer as thoroughly unsatisfactory. I looked at the U.S. man in the corner. He had not moved."

Throughout the whole enquiry the atmosphere was tense and unrelenting. I began to sweat uncomfortably as I realised the strength of their suspicion. They believed that I had somehow connived at Elser's arrest. Prejudice was against me. I was of the old regime. I was not a Party member.

The atmosphere did not change even when we had a break. The members of the board ate sandwiches, drank beer, and lemonade. I had no appetite. I stood by the window, conscious that the woman with the notebook was still staring at me, pencil poised.

Questioned Again

THEN we went back to the interrogation.

"Who gave Scotland Yard permission to come aboard?"

"Police in any harbour do not need permission so long as they inform the captain that they are aboard."

"Who took Elser ashore? The Americans?"

"British detectives in plain clothes. They carried him."

"When did you discover who Elser was?"

I was not going to tell them that I had read about him in a Western magazine. On the other hand the answer I did give was not much better for

me. "I'd never heard of him until I was told about him by a passenger, an American journalist called Jaffe."

"Who is this man Jaffe? Have you met him before?"

"I had never seen him before he came aboard the *Batory*."

"Why were you in touch with the British and Americans by wireless during the voyage?"

"I received messages from nobody except the American Press. I refused to answer without permission from the company."

I had made a bad impression all round. I sensed that the questions talked off into routine matters, and then I was told, "Report here tomorrow."

The following day I was seen by the Vice-Minister of Shipping, alone. The interview was short and he was far from pleasant about it.

"Captain, although you acted according to the rules you showed no appreciation of the situation. You showed no patriotism and no sympathy for Mr Elser. You showed absolutely no understanding of the state of affairs existing between us and the West. We are very disappointed with you."

Nothing To Say

I said nothing to that. There was nothing I could say.

"You are taking your ship back to America soon, and there will undoubtedly be trouble from the Americans. They will be tough. We have informed our Embassy there to give you every support. Goodbye."

I realised then what I should have done, or rather what they

expected me to have done. Elser had bought a first-class ticket, so why should I have reported him as a stowaway?

That reprimand was my punishment, but there was a sting behind it. I realised that from now on I would not be trusted. A Communist state does not believe in the benefit of the doubt.

Secret Police

THE purser was dismissed the ship. The inference was that it was unlucky enough to have a fool of a captain like me he should not have reported Elser's presence aboard.

It was a fair enough argument. But for the purser's report to me Elser might have reached Gdynia, and thus escaped arrest at Southampton.

There was always Jaffe, though. Jaffe would have recognised him as he sunbathed on the deck.

It was tough when we got to America. A hundred of the crew were arrested and sent to Ellis Island for a while. Apparently we endured it like the patriots we were expected to be, however, for when we got back to Gdynia the Minister of Shipping came down and gave 300 of us Crosses of Merit.

Mine was a golden one. But the Elser affair did not end with medals.

The *Batory* had become a suspected ship. Within six months Peter Szemiel was appointed as Cultural Officer, and after him came Kaminski.

The *Batory* was handed over to the Secret Police.

They Tried To Make Me A 'Peace Fighter'

By Robert Yates

FOR two long, weary years as a prisoner in Korea the Chinese Reds tried to turn me into a "peace fighter." Some people would say they used methods of indoctrination. The Chinese repeatedly denied it. They called it "instruction."

So far as I am concerned my political views have not changed, and I still support the Socialist Party.

I do not intend to become a militant peace fighter, nor shall I rush off to join the Communist Party. On the other hand, from what the Chinese told me, I will admit that on some things I have second thoughts.

As an example, I now wonder which side actually started the Korean war. Did the South attack the North, or the North attack the South? After hearing the Chinese arguments I found I just didn't know.

2-hour lectures

THEN there is the matter of Chiang Kai-shek. I used to believe that Chiang's Government was the right Government for China. Now I am not sure.

The Chinese began their "instruction" within 14 days of my arrival at Camp One, in June 1951.

They started compulsory lectures with 50 men at a time grouped outside in the open around a blackboard.

An English-speaking political instructor would then talk to us about Capitalism and Marxism for anything from half an hour to two hours.

He would say that the money made by working men goes into the pockets of shareholders and those of the bosses. Then he would show how, in Russia and

China, things were very different.

The lectures were held every day for two months. After that they became less frequent.

Records kept

THE camp had its chief political instructor—each of our seven companies had an instructor.

Each platoon of 40 to 50 men had a full-time Chinese instructor too. At any time of the day and night we would be called to the platoon instructor's office—a Korean mud hut. There, on a wooden stool, I would sit opposite a khaki-uniformed Chinese instructor for a person's "chat."

They kept individual records for each of us, and each office interview would last from five minutes up to three hours. Cigarettes would be offered, and we would be asked if we had any complaints.

Was the food good? How were the sports going? Did we get our letters all right? Then very gradually the talk would be steered round to politics.

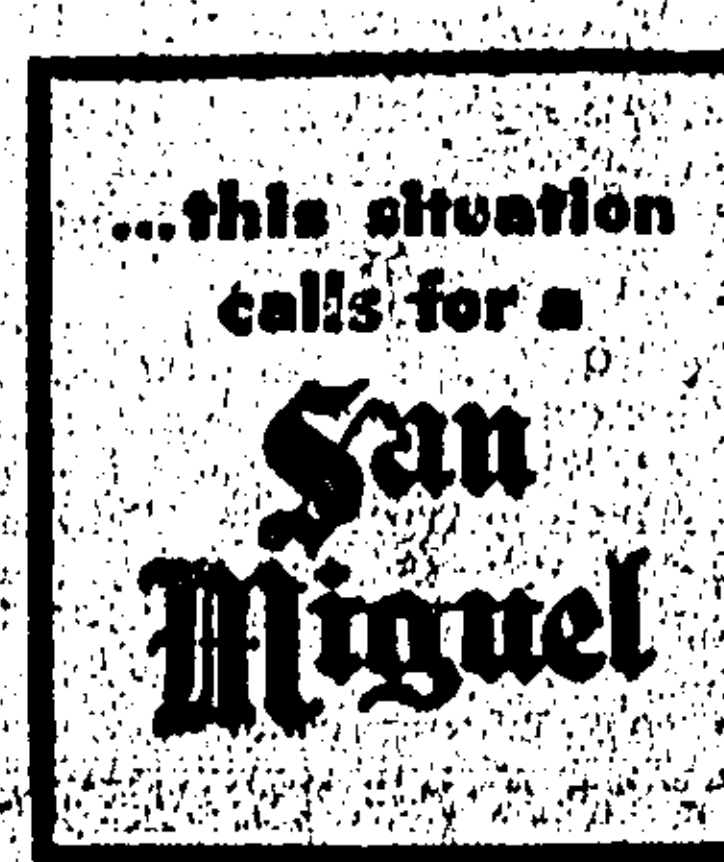
Extra work

I WAS asked who started the Korean war. And: Do you believe the Americans have been dropping germ canisters?

Most of us played along with the Chinese because it was common sense to pretend to see things their way and earn yourself a record, marked "This prisoner has the right attitude." It made life easier.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



Gordon's
Stands Supreme

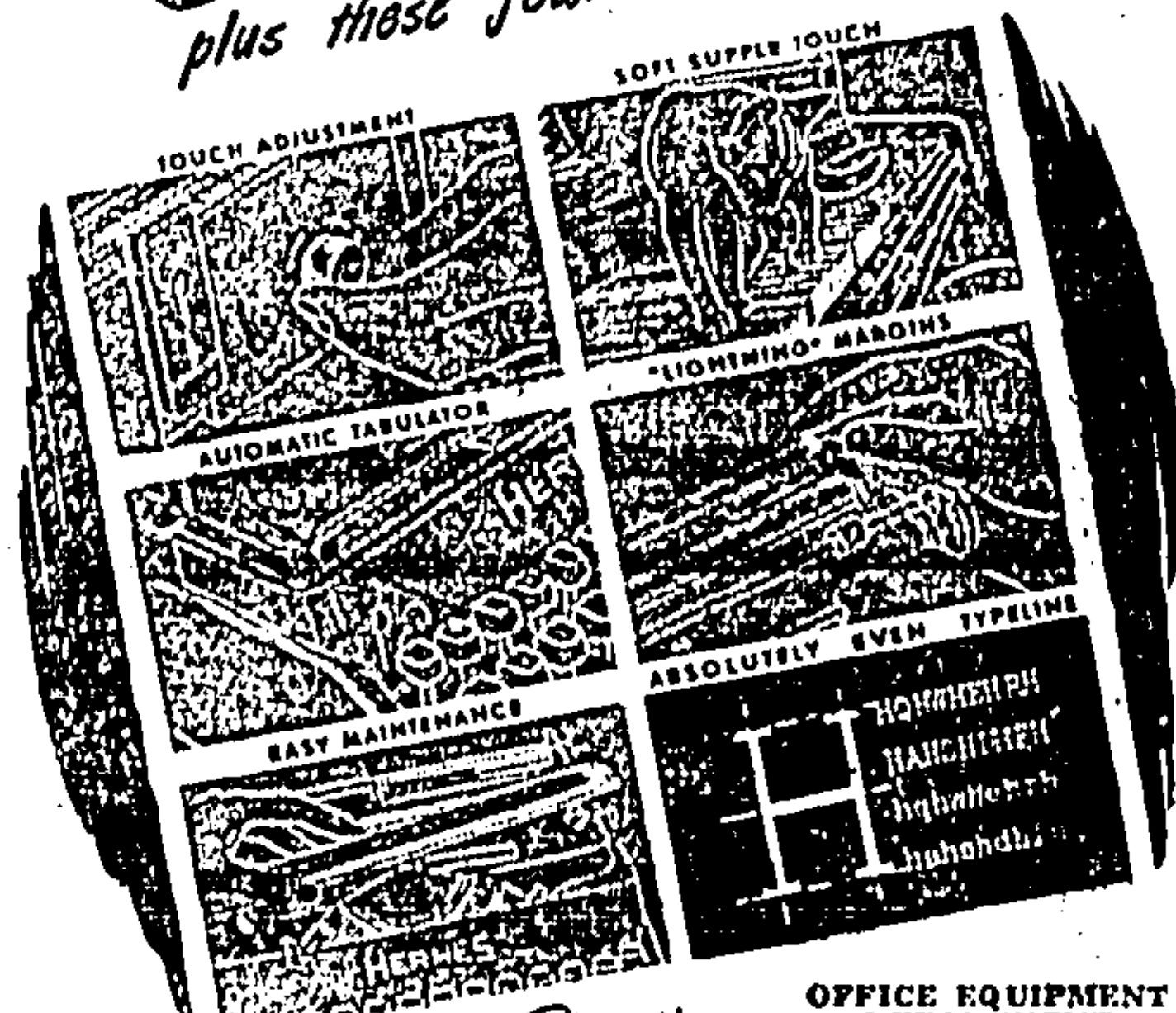
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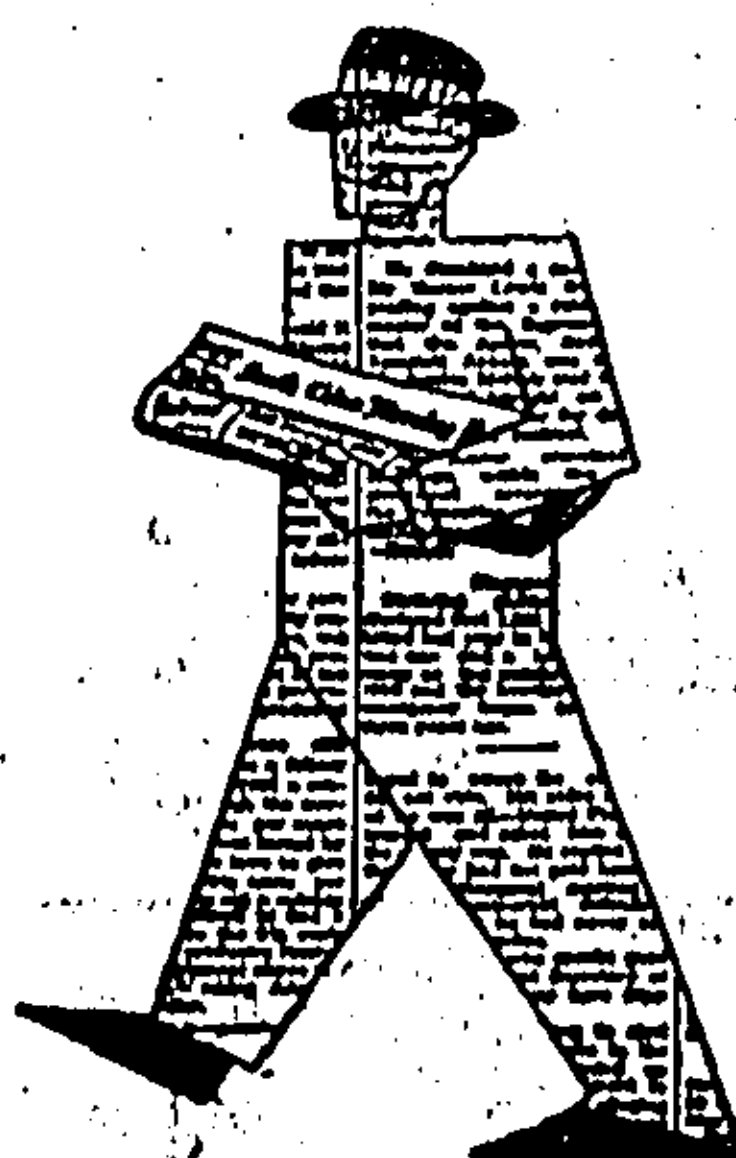
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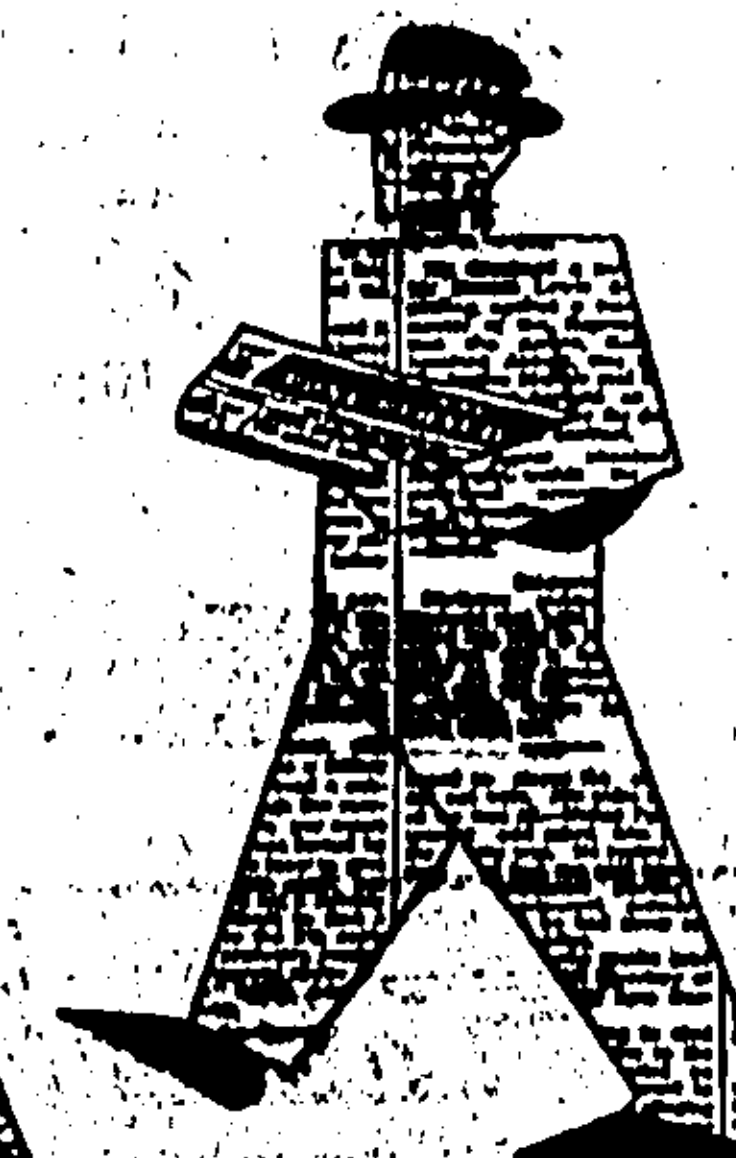
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Dieters: You Needn't Go Hungry!

FOR many dieters the one rough spot in a diet-day looms up about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Everything's fine until that zero hour. Then suddenly energy lags — an all-gone feeling sets in, and there's a gnawing temptation to undo the calorie-curbing, usually by eating something sweet.

Oddly enough, science now sanctions a mid-afternoon pick-up for dieters. But wait... this approved snack is a protein pick-up to cut ahead of the hunger pangs and bolster energy before it begins to slump. An energy boosting diet with the accent on protein at each of the three meals and protein pick-ups in mid-afternoon and evening sustains energy and makes dieting easier and reducing possible.

★

Take the word of a once-hungry dieter... "I wish I could persuade all overweights to try an energy boosting diet for two full weeks. That would give the scales time to show a loss and convince the reluctant overweights that it really is possible to take off pounds without going one bit hungry."

"I know because when I tried diets before, I was hungry and tired... and in late afternoon actually felt sick and could not hold out until dinner. But the very first day on an energy diet I was a different person. And ever since have had much more vitality. Now I diet without feeling hungry until just before mealtime. Honestly, the diet works wonders, but I'm interested to know how a mere glass of skim milk or half ounce

By IDA JEAN KAIN

of cheese can keep me from bogging down." Expansion coming up... Some months ago, word drifted in from the research frontiers that low blood sugar appeared to be an important cause of the frequent hunger pangs which lead to overeating and overweight... all of this tallies with dieters' complaints to this department. While the research is still not conclusive, just from a common sense point-of-view, the evidence looks promising. Blood sugar, which is glucose, combines with oxygen to supply energy to the body tissues. When the blood sugar lowers, there's not enough glucose to react with the oxygen and furnish the needed energy. And that's when weakness and weariness set in... and nature's way of demanding more energy building

material is to flash hunger signals. But starve won't! It's not sweet and starchy foods that keep blood sugar constant. True, these foods will enter blood sugar for a short time, but then the carbohydrates are quickly burned up, and the blood sugar level drops again... and the cycle starts all over.

★

It's the producer's old friend, protein, that steadies blood sugar levels. And that's the "secret" power of the ENERGY BOOSTING DIET. A complete protein food is included at each of the three meals a day, starting with breakfast. To insure energy fastidiously, a mid-afternoon snack of skim milk, cheese or hard-boiled egg is given. With energy high, it's far, far easier to shove the sweet-nibbling temptation lurking in you.

A Thorough Rinsing For Your Silky Tresses

HURRY through your good-looks tasks, if you must, you busy woman, but spare neither time nor trouble when shampooing your hair.

It is no easy matter to renovate the hirsute foliage upon your brain roof. You are dealing with a mixture of debris composed of atmospheric dust, dead skin scales, exudations of the sweat and sebaceous glands. It stands to reason that

careful soaps and rinsings will not dislodge this foreign matter.

Careless Shampooing

There are home shampooers whose tresses have never been thoroughly washed, with the result that the delicate shafts are coated with soap scum. When, in desperation, these girls seek professional services, they are surprised to find that the hair is softer, slither, often of a lighter colour, with charming glints.

Beauticians tell about treating hair that has been so poorly shampooed that soap would not remove soap deposits. A cleaning fluid had to be used to get conditions back to normal.

Rousing Brushing

Begin your shampoo with a rousing brushing to remove surface dust. Groom strand by strand holding the hair away from the head. Before applying the shampoo agent, have a rinsing with a bath spray, using a current of water strong enough to rattle your brains.

If you use a liquid soap, dilute it. If your hair is shoulder-length, have three latherings with brisk friction, each one followed by a prolonged rinsing with hot water.

Cream Shampoo

If cream is used, keep on adding warm water as you stuff it into a foamy mass; then it can be rinsed away more easily. Two applications of cream will do, each application about as much as a tablespoon would hold.

There never has been a time when cosmetic counters offered such a variety of shampoos. Some are for dry hair, some for oily locks, so take a look-see at the label, select one that would seem to suit your individual case.

Tangerine Lipstick

LIKE most other observers in Moscow, Frank Rounds, 88-year-old Russian-speaking American, kept a diary during his 18 months there as an embassy attache.

Here are some of the human things he spotted:

● SILVER FOX appears to be the favourite fur piece of Moscow's most stylish women.

● BRIGHT ORANGE, really a tangerine colour, is the favourite shade of lipstick.

● THE VITREZVITEL — or "boobing-up station" — is a Turkish bath where heavy drinkers can sleep off their intoxication.

Fewer people seem to drink than in American cities, but with more disastrous results from the vodka, although wines and beers are served in the same cafes and bars.

● RUSSIAN TV lasts for about four or five hours on six evenings a week. The cultural level is far above the American TV level. So is the standard of taste.

Frank Rounds, with his eye over his shoulder at possible "Un-American" tribunals, adds boldly: "That I shall maintain, if necessary, even before Mr. McCarthy."

— "A Window on Red Russia," by Frank Rounds (Muller, Inc.).



The pillbox is the hat for everyday wear. The one illustrated (at right) is in marble-striped velvet. The crown is twisted up into the "shuttlecock" feather. Looking for a cocktail hat? Then the black velvet cap, scalloped over the ear, is fashionable. Note the trimmings—iridescent beading, black and white bird and curled feather.

Latest Hat Styles

Pillboxes In Mandarin Fashion; Asymmetricals For Cocktail

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. THE hat story will be told in styles rather than in colours or materials in the coming months.

Hats which make news are the pillbox, worn straight on the head and the tiny asymmetrical style.

For these are the two main styles shown by the Millinery Distributors' Association. And they should know—they represent more than two hundred British manufacturers.

Pillboxes are in velvet, melusine, and peach bloom. Colours include white, acid yellow, and honey gold. The asymmetrical hat, the style chosen for cocktails, is usually in plain black velvet decorated with iridescent beads and a long black "question mark" feather.

★ ★ ★

Imagination has run riot on trimmings with eighteen-inch quills, miniature birds, diamonds, and coloured beads embroidered to give a rainbow effect. Veiling is fine, in contrast with last season's thick "wire-netting" mesh, and worn either to chin level, or back around the hat like a halo.

There's a Chinese air about the variations on the pillbox theme. Crowns soar to point, mandarin-fashion. One in

chocolate velvet, a sign that mixed coloured schemes have gone to the head, is trimmed with a band of beige-edged turquoise velvet.

The Modest cap, with the point dipping between the eyes, has reappeared. Unconventional use of material gives it a new season touch. It's in ocelot fur, teamed with matching scarf and muff.

★ ★ ★

Some of the little hat hats follow the "Mary Stuart" style. One in "moonshadow"—a new shade of blue-grey—has the brim lined with chestnut velvet.

To make you feel on top of the world—the new "Eccentric" style. Crown shaped in blue velvet, it's trimmed with scarlet, and sewn with pearls and coloured beads. As all the new hats are small it is vital that the hair-do beneath should suit them. The models of this week's show wore their hair flat on top, curled round over the ears to frame the face and duck-tailed at the back.

To illustrate the new trends I have selected the two principal styles. The cocktail hat, in black velvet, is embroidered with iridescent beading and trimmed with a question mark feather. A new marble-striped velvet is used for the pillbox. To soften the line at the front the crown is twisted up into a "shuttlecock" feather. From hats to shoes. Edward Rayne, whose designs have been Royal dressmakers for half a

century, has just turned the footlights on his new collection.

His shoe silhouette is revolutionary. Toes pointed, new Jordan heels, narrow and spindly, a shadow of their former self. On several styles the heel base barely covers a sixpence.

For those who find these ultra-high heels uncomfortable, Rayne has a medium-height heel cut on the same narrow tapering lines—the smartness of the high heel with the comfort of the medium.

Gunmetal and bronze kid shared first place as favourite new materials; mahogany and sandalwood calf shoes second. And patent leather appeared in two unusual colours—opal and green.

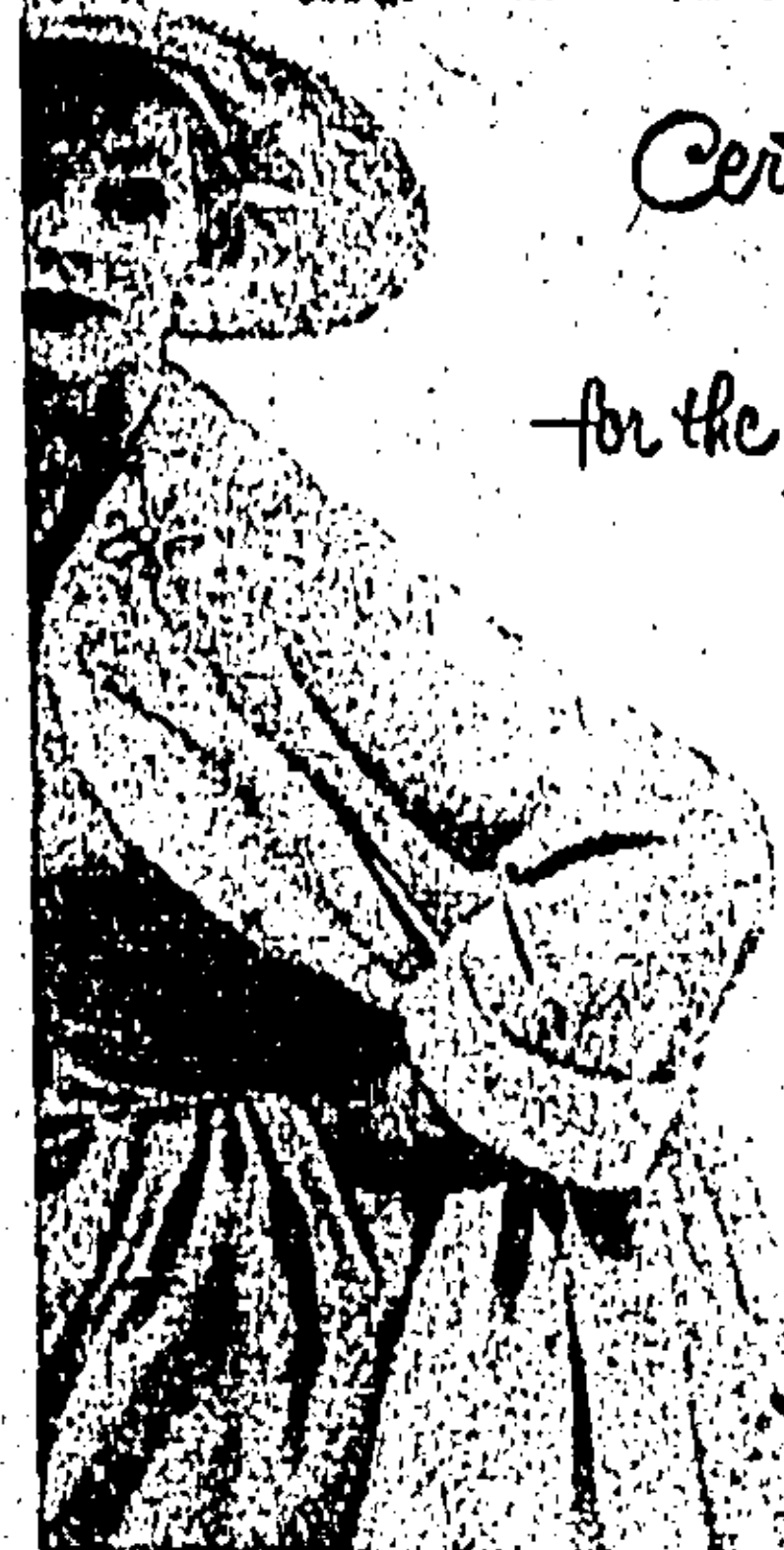
★ ★ ★

Rayne has launched what he calls his "two-faced treatment". Shoes have a combination of materials—satin with suede, or kid with patent leather, often in contrasting colours. Black suede courts have brown grosgrain collars. Brown calf shoes are trimmed with small black bows. What effect has the ballerina-length evening dress had on evening shoe styles? Rayne reveals that they have become lighter, daintier, more open. Some of them are only a narrow band or frill across the toe and a shoe-lace strap round the ankle.

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PICK FROCKS & COIFFURE TO SUIT YOUR TYPE

By Helen Follett

HOW do you feel about shopping for clothes? Do you find it a pleasure or a bore? Of course, the pretty young thing of perfect proportions has little trouble in finding just the right frock. But we weren't all made to look alike and the important thing is for a woman to know how to type herself. This requires some knowledge of basic principles and, even more, knowledge of the do's and don'ts.

Check on Fit

Are you short or long-waisted? If short-waisted, look carefully at the fit of your bodies in the back; it is likely to have cross folds. If your waistline is low—torso long, legs short—do not select skirts with much hip fullness.

Note necklines when buying frocks. No round lines for the short, plump neck; they will just make the neck look fatter. But if your neck is long and thin, the round neckline is youthful and will impart style. Study your build. Fashions in clothes may change, but certain rules are as good this year as they were years ago.

Hairdo in Proportion

When planning a new hairdo, consider your figure. The plump, short young lady should never have a full, bunched hair arrangement because it adds to her curves. Her type calls for a "nest arrangement," flat back of the ears, with no mop of dangling curls. The fluff hairdo is only for the slim little thing.

When the hair whitens, the coiffure must be of the neatest. Nothing makes a woman look as plump as white hair with a few rag tags here and there. What's "it is short" or "long doesn't matter." If short, it can be curled all over; if long, it should be done in a chignon—portion smoothing.

THERE is one advantage in having a short hairdo—you get through the pin-curling task in less time. Many women make it a practice to form ringlets and anchor them down every night of their lives. If they can do it in twenty minutes, they're smart; they are more likely to spend twice that time on the task.

There are right and wrong ways of making curls. Section off a strand of hair; the size of the curl you wish to make. Tuck the end of the lock in neatly, form a circle, working up as closely to the scalp as you can, pressing it close to the flesh. To fasten, you may prefer invisible pins to bobbles. You may find the new clasps convenient, though they are better for a heavy growth than a thin, short one.

Start at Left

You should start at the left side of your head, working up toward the hair parting. If you wear one. Then, continue from the side to the back. If you have a poodle style and the hair is very short at back, you won't be able to roll it in, instead, use tiny metal curlers that will form a frizz that you can brush out by pinning the hair over your finger and grooming with a small brush, made especially for this purpose.

Pin Net Securely

Cover your head with a wave of net and be sure that you pin it securely. If it doesn't stay put, and you are a restless sleeper, some of your curls may spring out during the night. For a chignon, twist all the pin curls in the same direction, then they will fall into pleasing waves. You need only curl the lower part of your hair for this style, leaving the crown portion smoothing.

Modern Masterpieces

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

GENEVA

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Continental FASHION SPOT

THE Spanish dress designers have turned their backs on the arguments that shook the fashion houses of Paris and London. The controversial hems and waistlines are just passed by.

Three points make their collections in Madrid and Barcelona outstanding. FIRST, their clothes are flattering and feminine. SECOND, their fabrics are exquisite. And THIRD, their beautiful embroidery.

Muriel Forbes, who attended the Spanish collections, selected these three models as typical of styles for morning, cocktails and evening wear.



The Spanish don't care

...about OUR hemlines or waists. They have ideas of their own.

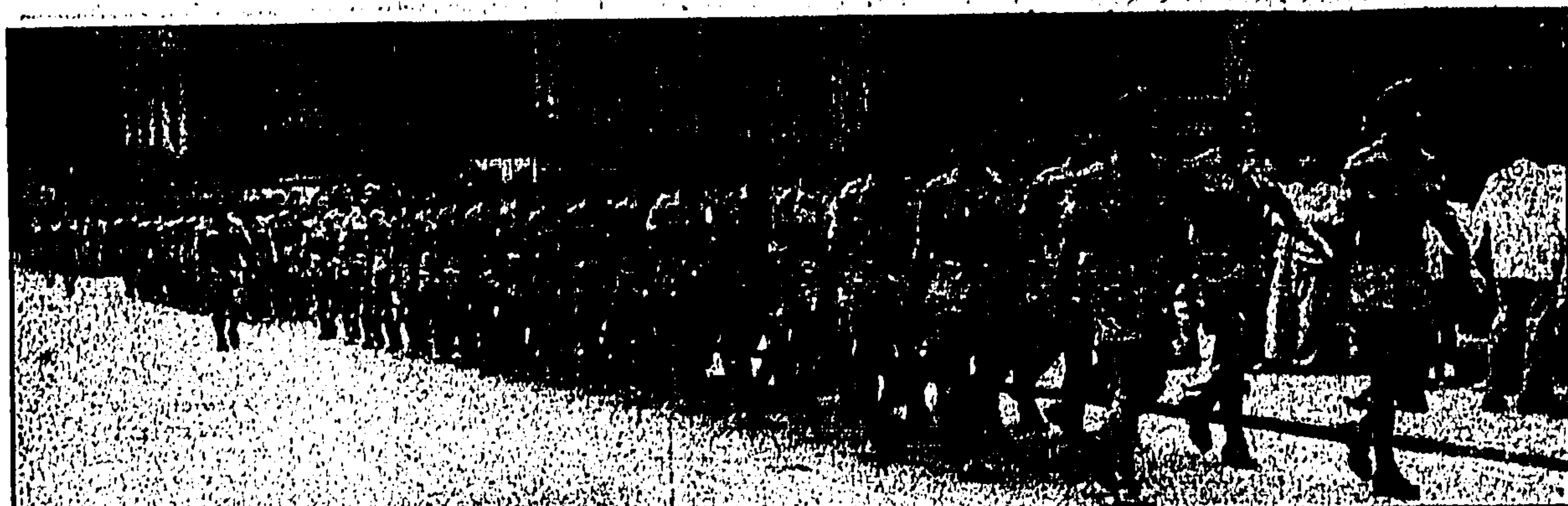


Black and golden yellow tweed coat, edged with fine black fur, by Santa Estrella

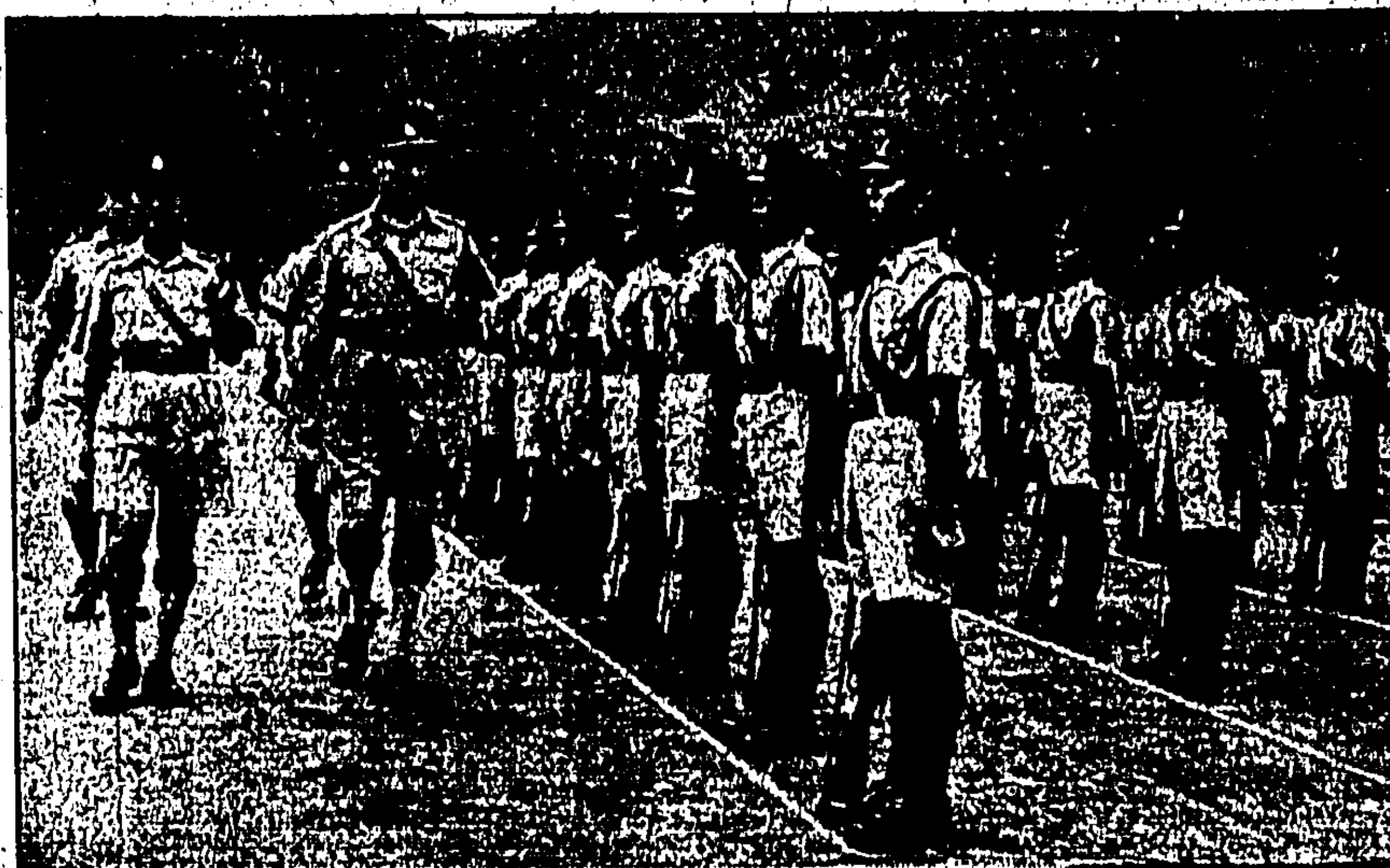


Five black, grey, embroidered all over with a mesh design in pale gold thread. The delicate lace pattern on skirt and bodice is hand-embroidered in gold thread.

Evening out
Shimmering gold tulle, lightly smocked all over, makes this Portuguese evening gown. It is worn with an enormous heart of emerald-green tulle, edged with double fringe, giving a feathered effect.



ROYAL AIR FORCE contingents marching up Garden Road on their way to attend the Battle of Britain commemorative service at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham also attended. Picture on the left shows the Governor leaving the Cathedral with Honorary Air Commodore S. E. Faber. (Staff Photographer)



THE Deputy Commissioner of Police, Mr. K. A. Bidmead, inspecting Police recruits at a passing-out parade held at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, on Monday. Left: Mr. Bidmead presents a silver whistle to one of the outstanding recruits. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr. G. P. Ferguson, Acting Deputy Director of Education, chatting with Mr. C. H. Chang, Acting Principal of the Northcote Training College, at the opening of a new unqualified teachers' course on Monday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Rev. Fr. Dominic Bazzo shaking hands with Mr. D. W. Luke, new Colony Boy Scouts Commissioner, who was entertained last Sunday by the 2nd Hongkong (Catholic Cathedral) Scout Group. (Staff Photographer)



MR Edmund Blunden, distinguished English poet, photographed with Mrs Blunden and their children on board the Carthage on their arrival this week. He has been appointed Professor of English at the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



SOFTBALL players from the USS Logan and the Braves outfit got together after a series of friendly games on the diamond. (Cambridge)



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MR Harold Lapsley and his bride, formerly Miss Clara Carlton, pictured after their wedding at the Rosary Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER her christening at the Union Church last Sunday, little Stephanie Gay Anderson is seen in the arms of her mother, Mrs. W. S. Anderson. The father follows behind. (Staff Photographer)

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GENERAL Sir Charles Keightley, who is relinquishing his command as Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, paid a farewell visit to Hong-kong last week-end. He is seen inspecting the guard of honour, formed from the 1st Battalion, The Wiltshire Regiment, on landing at Kai Tak. (Wah Kiu Yat Po)



GROUP picture taken at St Andrew's Church after the christening of Paul Edward Norman O'Connor, son of Mr and Mrs John O'Connor. (Staff Photographer)



MR. S. C. LAU, Chinese Programme Secretary of Radio Hong-kong, seen with Mr Curtis Hindson, Controller of Broadcasting, at a presentation made to Mr Lau last Saturday on the eve of his retirement. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at St John's Cathedral on Tuesday after the wedding of Mr William Patrick McMahon and Miss Pauline Joan Grace. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: Mr Yeung Kai-hi, who is retiring from the Medical Department after 35 years' service, thanks Dr the Hon. J. M. Liston, Acting Director of Medical and Health Services, following a farewell presentation to him on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Fred Hampson, Hongkong Bureau Manager of Associated Press, and Mrs Hampson gave a cocktail party at the Correspondents' Club last week in honour of Mr Frank J. Starzel, AP General Manager, who was on a brief visit. Mr Starzel is second from right in top picture. Lower picture shows Mr and Mrs Hampson (extreme right and third from right) with other guests at the party. (Staff Photographer)



FAREWELL dinner given at Winner House by Mr Winston Tsang to Mr and Mrs A. S. Ross. Left to right: Mr Ross, the host, Mrs Clifford, Mr D. A. L. Wright, Mrs Ives, Mr A. J. Clifford, Mrs Ross and Mr M. E. Ives.



LT-COL. B. S. Grewal, who commands the second contingent of Indian Custodian Troops to go to Korea, meets friends on board the steamship Jalagopal on her arrival here. Second from right is Mr P. R. S. Mani, Commissioner for the Government of India. On the left is Captain J. C. Anand. (Willie's)

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STANDING is Leading Seaman Gordon Cleaver, one of the survivors of the attack on R.N. Motor Launch 1323 by a Chinese Communist vessel on September 9, who told the story of the incident at a crowded press conference in HMS Tamar on Thursday. Three other survivors, on Cleaver's right, are Stoker Mechanic Kenneth Clarke, Ordinary Telegraphist Frank Flowers and Stoker Mechanic Eric Milner. Immediately to Cleaver's left is Captain J. Howson, Captain of HMS Tamar. On extreme right is Commander J. Leung, Chief Staff Officer to the Commodore. (Staff Photographer)

ANOTHER VERY LARGE
CONSIGNMENT OF MEN'S

"K"
SHOES

HAS JUST ARRIVED AT
MACKINTOSH'S

AND A REPRESENTATIVE
DISPLAY CAN BE SEEN
IN ALEXANDRA ARCADE.

★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

★ COLOUR AND CHEER
FOR KITCHENS

Is the kitchen just a workshop, or is it a room for livability as well? Architects and decorators had a high old time debating this subject recently and offered some good ideas on both sides.

Inferior decorators, as one would expect, want the kitchen to be a sort of living room, architecturally more space and a better position for the kitchen, but emphasizing that the kitchen is primarily a workshop, no matter how gay the decor and how ready it is to receive company.

The Clinical Look

One decorator pointed out that in days gone by the kitchen was the largest room in the house, while today it is one of the smallest, and often so filled with appliances, cabinets and other equipment as to give the room the air of a white, sterile clinic. This makes a dull frame for the important work carried on there. So, why not, said this decorator, turn the room into a pretty place, with a new use of materials, shape and colour?

Architects aren't at all in favour of very expanded kitchens, arguing that it is too many things are done in the kitchen, and too much equipment provided, then the kitchen will but duplicate the function of other rooms in the house. That's because some women have asked for a room corner, a reading corner and

some requests for their dream kitchen.

Perhaps the wisest course of all is to make one's kitchen as colourful, as bright and cheerful and yet as functional as possible, and keep it so clean, so pleasant, that there need be none of that last-minute scurrying around if company should happen to wander that way.

Light, easily cleaned plastic curtains at the windows, a row of cheerful plants, or perhaps a window box of herbs, a touch of gay cut-outs showing household equipment, then shielded over, dish towels with a matching colour motif, maybe some well-placed mirrors should bring colour and cheer into any kitchen.

Up-to-Date Lighting

An effect should be made to bring lighting as up-to-date as possible. In the stores are special type-rooms that are easily switched into existing ceiling sockets. What such a fixture will do for a kitchen is incredible.

One way to bring warmth into a kitchen is to hang up some shiny pots and pans, a fashion that is growing in favour. One manufacturer, for instance, has designed a new line, with the pan turned back and grooved in to keep them put when the vessels are suspended. Stainless steel, copper or aluminium, if kept clean and bright, makes a nice decorative note, and is properly functional, for, even with going a bit decorative, the kitchen is no place for ornaments or bric-a-brac that serve no purpose.

★ AN EXTRA ROOM THAT DELIGHTS ★



THIS RUMPUS ROOM with its nautical decorations will delight those who love the sea and ships. It's one of many shown in Bob Baer's book, "How to Build a Recreation Room in Your Basement or Attic."

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

SAY what you will, there's a great deal to the old adage that men are boys at heart. This particularly applies when it comes to that attic or basement corner known as the rumpus room.

Just mention such a space, and grown men get gleeful. Often, it's the selling point when they're buying a house. And, if home lacks such a spot, their one dream is for the day when they can add such a recreation room.

★ ★ ★

With this in mind, Bob Baer, who apparently has been through this phase, has written a book that should delight his fellow-men. It's "How to Build a Recreation Room in Your Basement or Attic," and it's full of ideas to give father food for thought for many a day.

The stuff that dad's day-dreams are made of is found in abundance throughout the book. Pictures and sketches, some of which are reproduced here, present all kinds of decorative ideas for recreation rooms.

Some are created around special themes, ranging from nautical ideas to circus decorations as gay as the big top

or cowboy motifs that smack of the wild west.

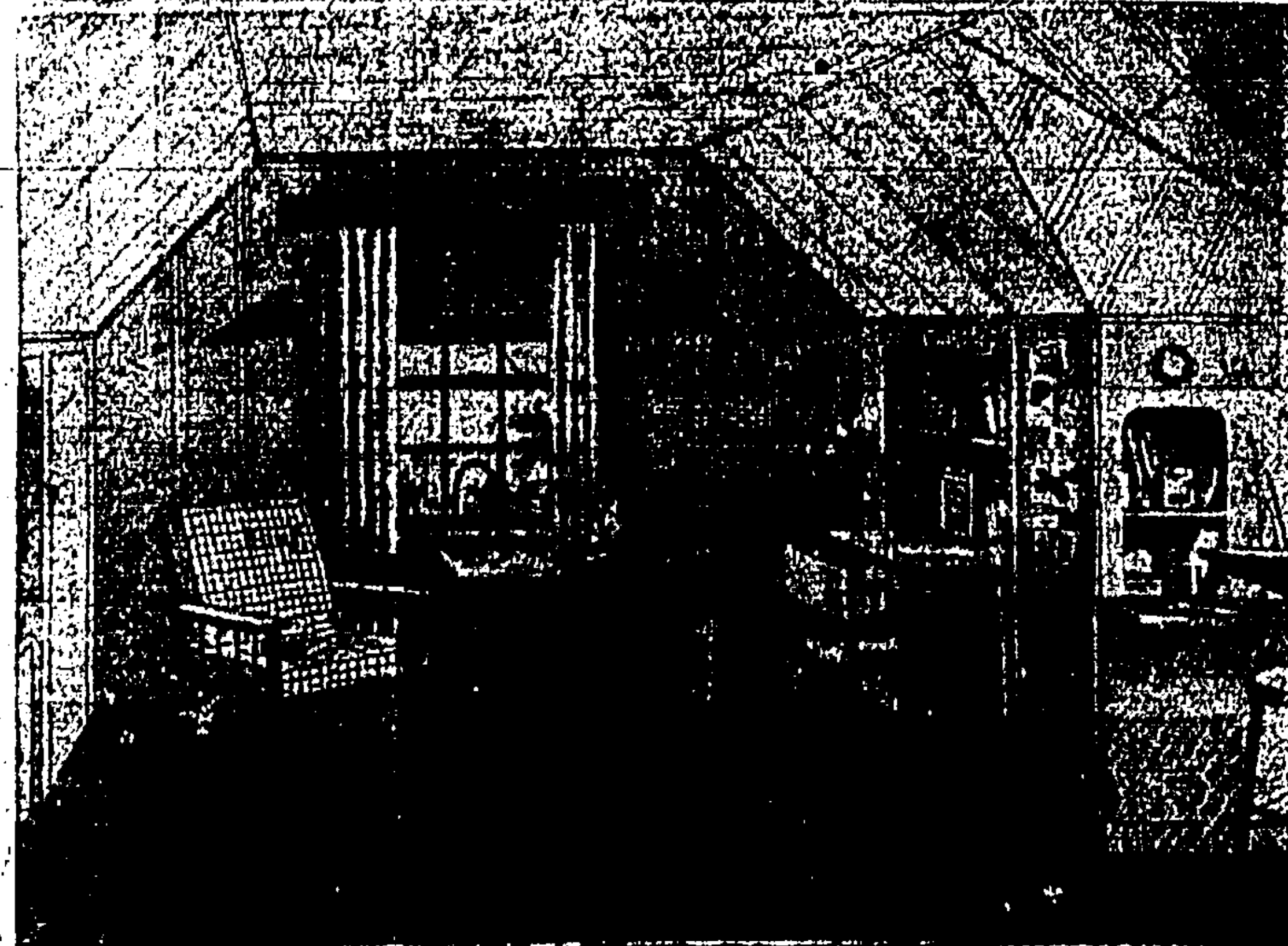
Other settings are developed for hobbies, such as gardening, music, or painting. A few, designed for work and play, combine laundry or study facilities with recreation uses. Some, of course, are simple settings with comfortable furniture. They're planned as sort of extra living rooms, where guests can relax without fear of staining furnishings with refreshments. The book also contains rooms especially designed for men or the children.

★ ★ ★

On the practical side, Mr. Baer provides some very down to earth how-to-do data. He discusses various ways of installing ceilings and walls and offers hints on structural problems. For example, in a basement there's usually a question of what to do with support posts. Mr. Baer turns them into decorative assets by building shelves around them.

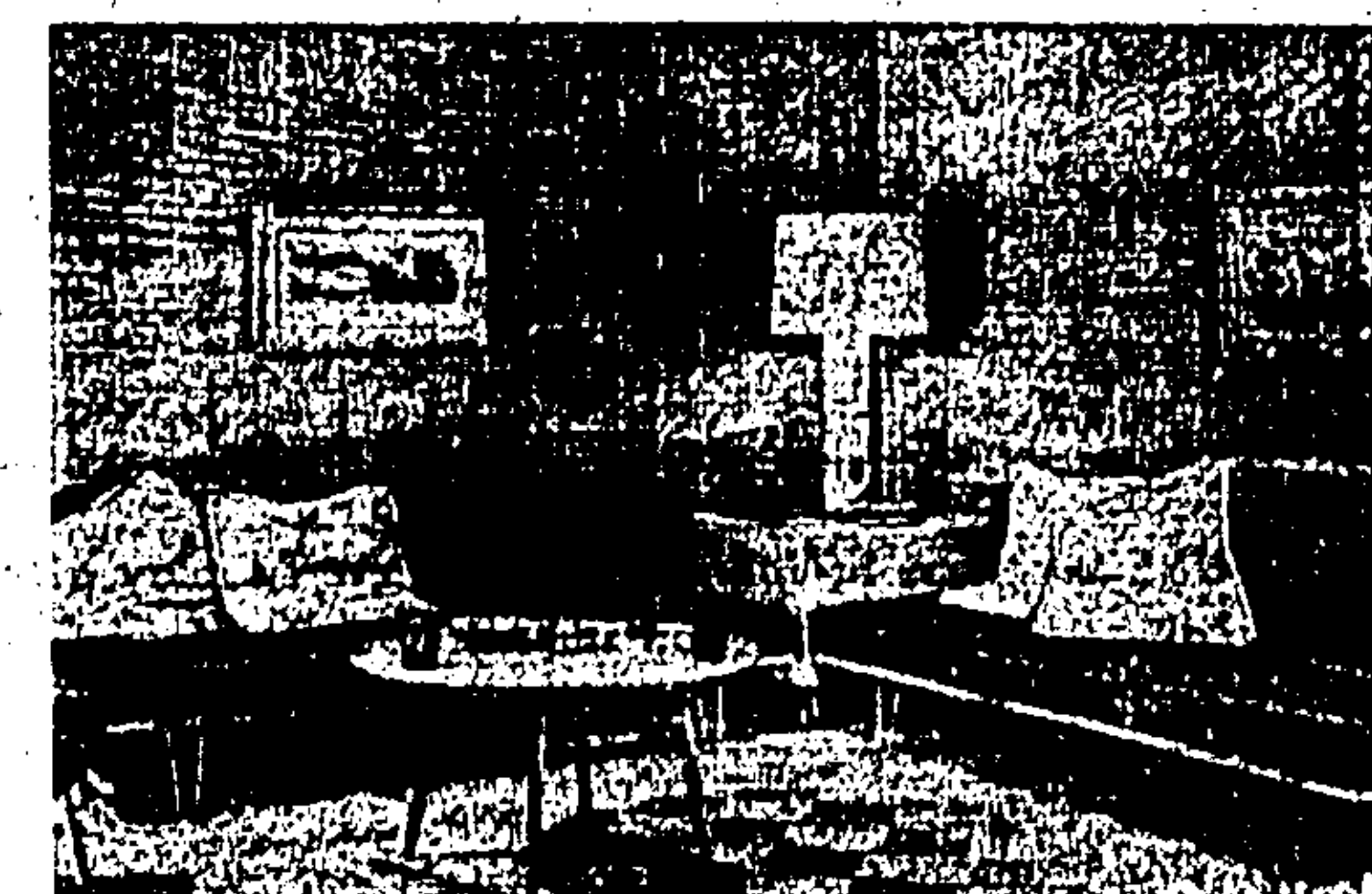
The section on attics is filled with helpful hints about insulating, building storage units, altering structural features.

Mr. Baer hasn't missed a trick—or if he has, it isn't obvious. He's even included an entire section of floor plans. All in all, he's supplied enough material to give the most avid rumpus room enthusiast ideas and encouragement.



EXPANSION ATTICS can be turned into comfortable study rooms such as this one. There's a roomy built-in desk with plenty of pigeonhole space, a bulletin board, and a hobby table near the window.

MAKE SPACE IN THE recreation room for your pet hobby. Here, one amateur gardener built a conservatory for early spring planting.



IF CELLAR WALLS are so unattractive that even paint can't conceal this fact, cover them with attractive bamboo blinds, as shown here.

HERE'S HOW TO HAVE A RECREATION CORNER in a small basement. Table folds into the wall. Drawers in the benches store toys.

Homemakers' Helpful Ideas

By ELEANOR ROSS

It was with great pleasure that we leafed through a booklet of household hints, ideas and suggestions contributed by the womenfolk of employees of a great manufacturing company. Available only to members of the organization, the booklet is filled with valuable ideas from which we have culled a few.

One suggestion is to wipe plastic shower and window curtains with olive oil every six months for longer wear and better looks.

For the outdoor and painting season, it's helpful to know that a stiff paintbrush, if boiled in vinegar, becomes soft again, and that bamboo furniture may be cleaned in salt water to keep it from turning yellow. Another furniture note is that mahogany pieces should be cleaned with cold tea before polishing them.

Every day more homemakers report on the many uses of wax, and this group contributes some ideas on the subject.

Wax on the bottom of chair legs will help prevent scratches on newly polished floors is one suggestion; and another is that two coats of it on the wall behind the stove will make that troublesome surface easier to clean.

Laundry lore includes the information that a small amount of starch and two tablespoons of bleach to a gallon of water is said to remove mildew from clothes, and to be safe for coloured garments. The materials should be soaked for an hour in the solution and then washed. A pinch of starch in the water in which nylons are rinsed is said to help prolong the life of the hose.

Then there's the thought that thin rag rugs, if washed in a heavy starch solution, will not only keep clean longer, but will not buckle on the floor.

One housewife found that a little starch in soapy water, if applied to linoleum, gives that surface a gloss and keeps it clean longer.

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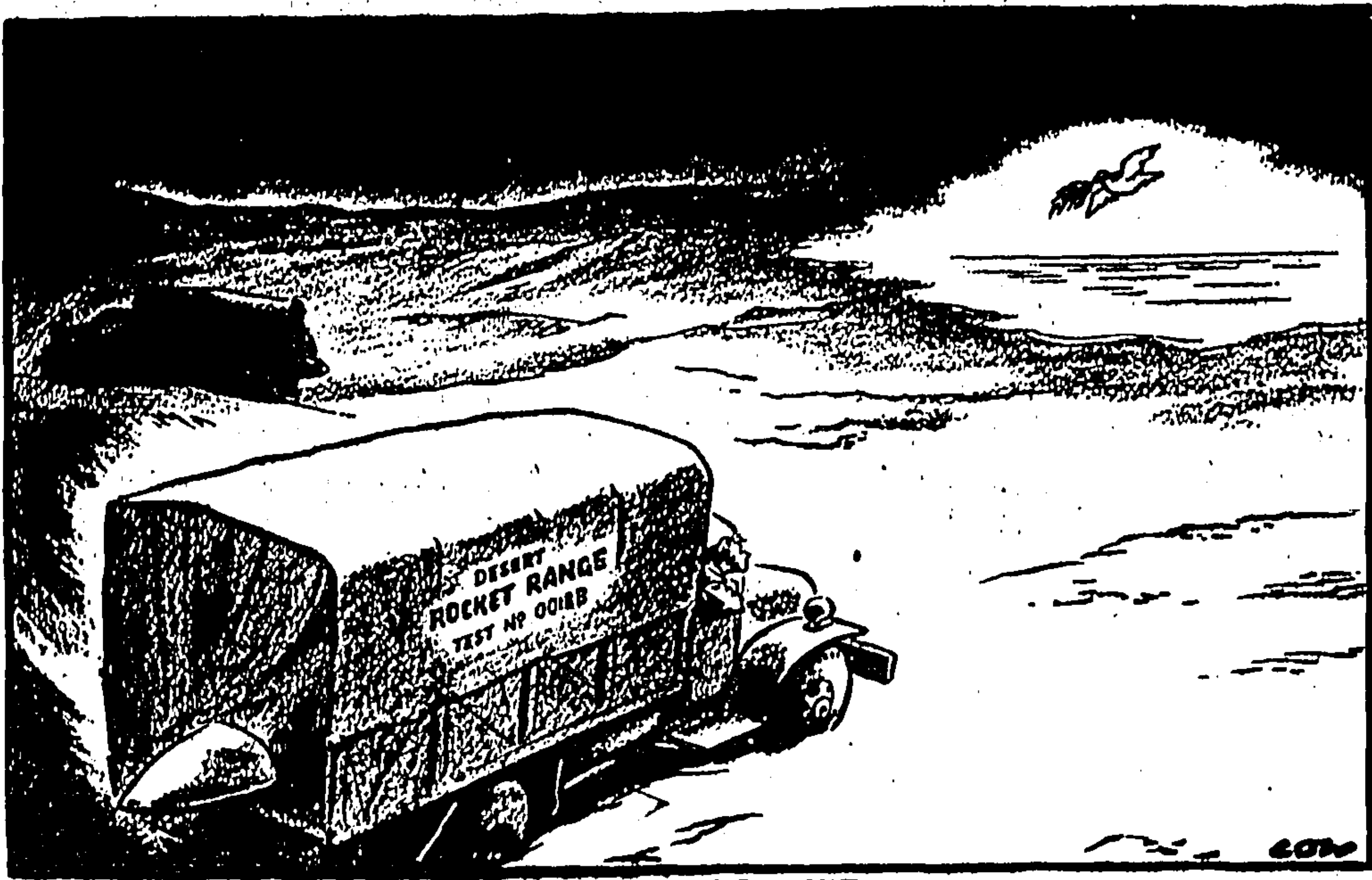
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MIRAGE AT MIDNIGHT

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JOHN GORDON....EYE-WITNESS IN RUSSIA, No. 7

Are the Russians forced to work?

PEOPLE who regard themselves as experts warned me not to take the story of Russia's industrial development too seriously. They said if not a myth it has been considerably exaggerated.

In any case, they assured me that however the Russians planned, production in their workshops could never come near to that of a comparable British concern.

For why? Because, they said, the engineering skill of the workers in Russia was not high; they were merely a kind of slave labour.

Strict guard

If you too have heard these stories, let me tell you that they are boloney. I spent several hours in the Stalin Automobile Plant. I believe I am the only foreigner who has seen the plant, since the war. At least that is what I was told.

The plant is as big as anything I have seen in the world. I cannot tell you the acreage it covers. But it has, I was told, just over 37 miles of railway within its strictly guarded boundaries.

They are so strictly guarded that even the assistant director, Comrade Ivan Kursov, who took me round, had to show his pass to every gate guard. I should guess from the sweeps we made in his car that we covered an area pretty much the size of Hyde Park.

Of course, there is not that acreage of buildings. There are wide spaces for development and some beautiful park walks, one of them exuberantly decorated with enormous photographs of workers who have won the coveted Stalin Prize for special achievement.

It is, you must know, an honourable and fine thing to do exceptional work in Russia, whereas in Britain your fellow trade unionists will agitate to have you sacked for it.

Fantastic speed

The buildings, from the outside, are not so impressive as those of most modern British car factories. But inside they seem to me to be every whit as good and efficient.

The story of this plant, in one way at least, is more remarkable than that of any other engineering concern in the world. It began production as recently as 1924. Its first product was trucks needed urgently

for the industrial development of Russia then beginning. These were the first motor vehicles ever produced in Russia, which is some indication of the fantastic speed with which the industrialization of Russia has been achieved.

When the war broke the plant was Russia's main supplier of trucks.

The Germans got within 20 miles of it. But while they were sweeping across the great plains in the days that came so close to putting Moscow into Hitler's hands, the entire plant—machinery, workers, and everything needed to ensure the fullest production—was moved back 2,484 miles to the Urals.

That must have been the most tremendous transfer trek in all industrial history. Yet in three months the plant was in full production. When Hitler was in retreat, long before the war ended, it was brought back again. Since 1924 it has undergone three complete reconstructions to keep it up to date.

It is the proud boast of top executives and workers alike that, through each of these tremendous reconstructions, work never ceased, production hardly flagged, and not a single worker had to be laid off.

Well laid out

In face of that, I hardly think a charge of industrial incapacity stands in any degree.

Now, I am not an engineer. I cannot, therefore, report technically on the plant as I saw it in an exhaustive tour. But I have seen many plants of the same kind, and it seemed to me as efficient as any I have seen.

It is well laid out and scrupulously clean. Its tools and machinery look excellent—many of the machine tools I noticed were American-made.

Its products are certainly good, I am assured by those whose business it is to compare them with our own. And its mass production conveyor belt moves with steady rhythm.

It produces heavy trucks—one every five minutes I was told; bicycles—I estimate at the rate of one every two minutes; and a car of the highest Russian class—the Zis—in small quantities.

This car cannot be bought by private buyers. It is for the use of the top grade of administrators.

In addition, the plant produces a moderate number of refrigerators. Refrigerator production began only three years ago. A large building is now being erected solely for refrigerator production. When it is ready, and that will not be long—

refrigerator production will more than equal truck production.

What about the workers? Well, they work nine hours a day, with a dinner break of 45 minutes, six days a week. Sunday is the only day off.

[Since I was in Moscow there has been an announcement that the dinner break in the Ministries is now one hour. Eventually that will extend to all industry as well.]

But let me say, with all the Russians, at this moment, do not quibble in the least about the length of their working day and week.

The whole of this nation has become imbued in the most staggering way with a fanatical determination to work, as men and women never worked before, to make their country the greatest in the world.

With this most remarkable determination to work as hard as human beings can work is combined an equally fanatical determination to become an educated and highly technically skilled people.

Women workers

AFTER their working day, several thousands of the plant's workers seek technical education in order to make themselves better engineers. That applies to women as well as men.

Forty percent of the plant's staff are women. They do all the jobs, whether the heaviest or the most skilled, on equality with men. And of course are paid the same.

Do the workers look as though this tremendous effort they are putting into life lays an unduly heavy burden upon them? I will answer that by reporting a contrast which impressed me very much.

I have often noticed that while women on repetition work in British workshops sing and smile and look with interest at visitors, the men on similar work take no notice of visitors and tend to look a little sullen.

I have often thought that to be one of the most perilous things about moving belt production. Repetition work seems to me to be so soul destroying that men come, at times, to the stage where they must kick or burst. Hence, discontent and meaningless strikes.

Now with the men at the Stalin Plant it was quite the contrary, though they were doing repetition work just like the men at home. They seemed happy. They smiled a lot. They looked at me with interest and seemed pleased that I was interested in them.

Large library

WHAT accounts for that difference? I offer a suggestion. It is that our men are letting their brains die by devoting themselves, in their hours of leisure, entirely to facilities like dog-racing, football pools, pub-lounging, and the cinema, whereas the Russian works his brain in seeking education, and so keeps alert, ambitious, and mentally excited.

Attached to the plant is one of the most engrossing enterprises I have ever seen associated with an industrial concern of this kind. It is called the Stalin Palace.

It is a vast, attractive building set in a garden. On several floors are provided every educational and recreational activity that intelligent people

need for the cultivation of the mind, the development of pride in technical skill, and, in general, learning the art of living a full and happy life.

There is an immense library, in which, under good teachers, the workers can study history, literature, politics, the sciences, the lives and doings of all the other peoples of the world, and every modern language. You would be surprised how many are learning English just to be able to read our books.

There are fine lecture rooms to which outstanding workers come to tell their fellow-workers the secrets that will enable them to do their jobs better; halls in which the greatest musicians come to give concerts; rooms in which those who aspire to be musicians themselves may learn to do so.

The best painters in Russia send their newest pictures to cover the walls, so that they may stir in others a desire to emulate them.

Dance hall

THERE is as fine a theatre as you could wish to see. And a dance hall worthy of a palace. Most interesting of all is the floor devoted to looking after and educating the children of the workers while the fathers and mothers are at work.

That floor, with its excellent teachers, not only provides all the fun and interest a child needs to keep it happy, including a great variety of sports—but also, I should say, a preliminary education that most children in Britain would be lucky to get.

I left this great plant feeling that in Britain we still have a lot to learn about the human side of industrial life. And it seems to me that we would be wise to set about learning it.

Paris Newsletter from William Roland

A Meat Diet, Says Dr Price-Cut

PHYSICIAN Bernard Lafay, 48-year-old family man, who is Economic Affairs Minister in the Laniel Government, has made a good start with Operation Reduction—his treatment for France's serious ailment, the high cost of living.

He has forced down the price of meat.

Even stranger, he has done it with the approval of the butchers.

In Les Halles—the Paris central market—housewives are staring incredulously at steaks on their beds of parsley and with new price tickets showing a ten percent reduction.

The word of the hour is "baisse" (reduction) and it is plastered across every meat shop.

Now the butchers are calling on the grocers and dairymen to follow their example.

But the housewives have been warned at straw fires before. Will it all last, they ask?

Tourists vanish

ONLY now is the full effect of the recent strike wave becoming apparent. French diplomats from South America to Scandinavia have

When a hero comes down from the hills

—From James Leasor

DARJEELING. WHAT has happened to Tiger Tensing, the lean and smiling Sherpa who climbed to the top of Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary and then came with his wife and family to London for a hero's welcome? What is he doing now?

In a blunt word—nothing. He has given up his active work, moved in from his little house in the back of Darjeeling to a flat above a milk bar and the booth off a Sikh who tells fortunes for tourists.

Tensing is within sight of his beloved hills, the mountains he has climbed for so long, but he is not climbing them now. His life is different from the life he knew and loved.

Souvenirs

IT is the life of a busy new celebrity who has two secretaries to order his complicated affairs.

When Tensing came down from Everest three months ago a well-meaning lama suggested that a local business man should act as his secretary and help him with his interpreting with strangers.

Now this man has an assistant. I called on the Tensing house, hold the other day. Tensing was out.

The second secretary showed me into a green-walled room hung with souvenirs of climbs: a white nylon rope, chipped ice axes, one that was used in the final assault on the old Everest peak that took 32 years to subdue, crossed flags, skis, and water bottles.

Mrs Tensing, plump, shrewd, and smiling, bustled about. They had only just moved into this new flat, and Tensing had so many photographs of himself to be framed and hung, she explained. She brought in an armful to show me.

'I was happy'

OUTSIDE, loungers and hangers-on of the Tensing menage waited too, smoking the thin, pungent cigarettes of the hills.

One gave a shout, and, with his first secretary Tensing arrived, still slim and slight in grey flannels and a grey shirt, and a sweater round his neck. He might have been coming in from a game of tennis.

Actually he had been to see his old home, the humble place where he used to live; he goes there quite often.

"I was happy there," he explains simply. "It was a good life, the hills and I and my home."

We shake hands and smile at each other. He is still the same man I met at London Airport on his arrival in June, still the same grin, the same sincerity, only the eyes are different; they look tired, worried, a little unhappy.

been sending scare reports to the Quai d'Orsay, the French Foreign Office. Unanimously they say "Catastrophic moral effect... irreparable harm to French prestige... tourism damaged for months if not years."

On the Paris to Biarritz road a column of foreign cars made one day recently showed there were only two—both Belgian. Normally the daily average is 180.

Not even a blink

CHAMPION barman Fernand Martin's idea of a pick-me-up cocktail—one-third tomato juice, one-third vodka, one-third gin, Worcester sauce, salt and pepper. He invented it for an Englishman in need of revival during the strikes.

The Briton swallowed three without blinking. Impressed, Martin christened his poison "L'Anglais."

A hard life

ALL day long "Casanova" Martin sits on the beach at Calvi, the Corsican resort, admiring the scenery and hiring out water cycles which, he claims, brings him in £15 a day during the season.

Asked what he did in the winter, he replied: "Why, I rest, of course!"

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Reporters the world over have spontaneously acclaimed it...

ETERNA-MATIC

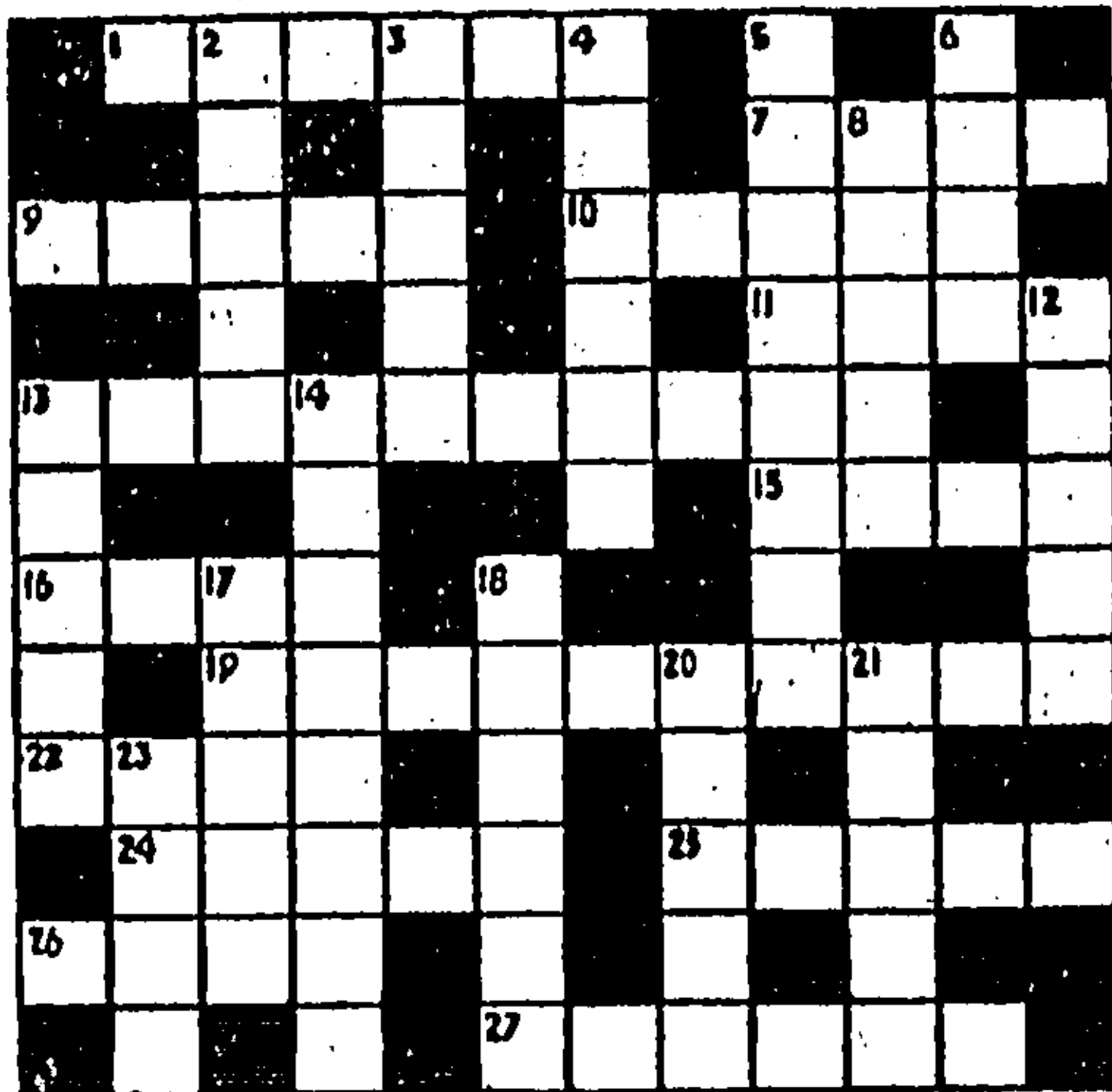
DATO

LOOK FOR THIS ETERNA SYMBOL

The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value — not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. • This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. • The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. • Better still, instead of wearing out — as a "staff" does — this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. • Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. • This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.

A British Crossword Puzzle

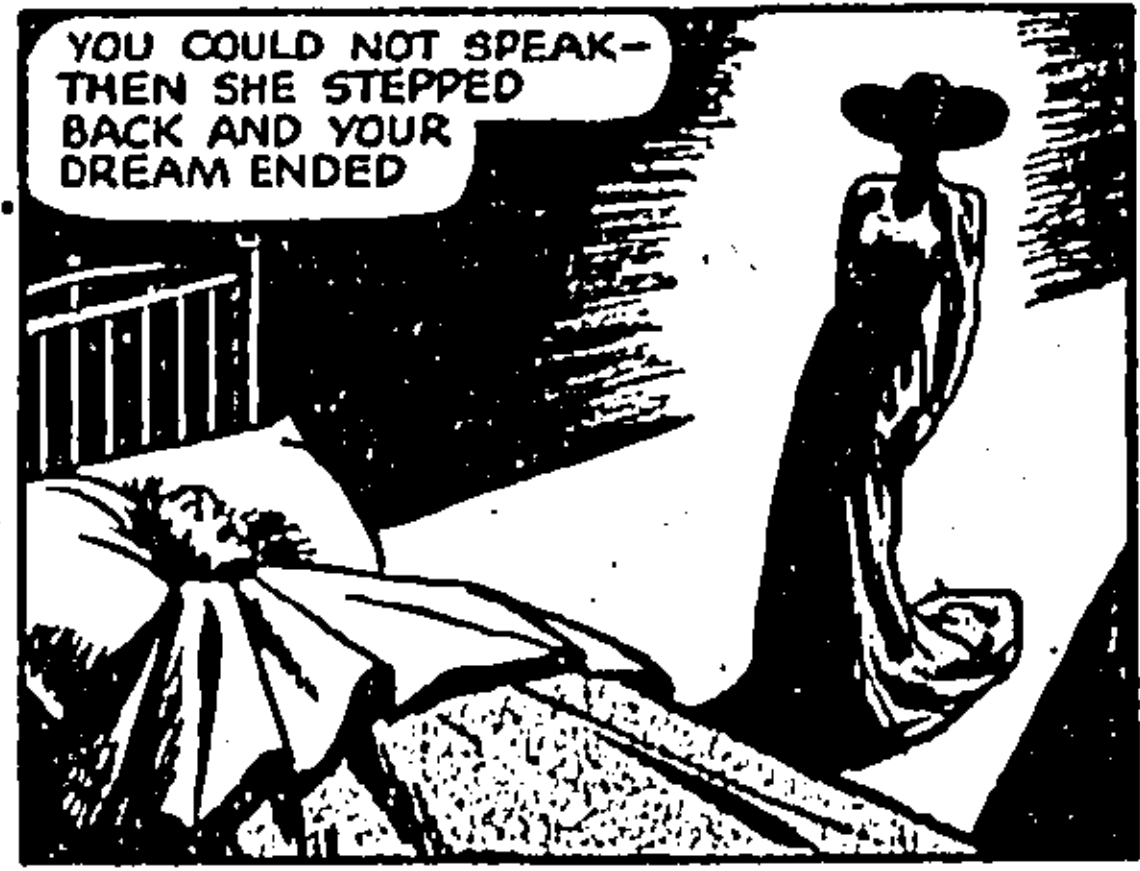


- ACROSS**
- 1 Dress (6).
 - 7 Boy's name (4).
 - 9 Principal (5).
 - 10 Strip of leather (5).
 - 11 Fresh (4).
 - 12 Ruining (10).
 - 13 Microbe (4).
 - 14 Assert (4).
 - 15 Effect on the mind (10).
 - 22 Sea movement (4).
 - 24 Renovate (5).
 - 25 Accumulate (5).
 - 26 Wine (4).
 - 27 Mess (6).
- DOWN**
- 2 Works hard (5).
 - 3 Deduce (5).
 - 4 Compositions (6).
 - 5 Throws into confusion (8).
 - 6 Dry by rubbing (4).
 - 8 Scope (5).
 - 10 Female (5).
 - 12 Reinforcement (5).
 - 13 Tortures (8).
 - 14 Duck (5).
 - 15 Garden tool (6).
 - 20 Sparse (5).
 - 21 Foolish (5).
 - 23 Metal (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Arrest, 4 Prior, 7 Intact, 8 Agent, 10 Amid, 12 Adulate, 15 Nitre, 16 Apex, 17 Less, 19 Spite, 20 Earsshot, 21 Erse, 23 Signs, 24 Return, 25 Press, 26 Reveal, Down: 1 Amicable, 2 Retainer, 3 Sack, 5 Regulate, 6 Ornate, 9 Adept, 11 Dissents, 12 Arson, 13 Ape, 14 External, 18 Eager, 22 Mere.



THIS DREAM MEANS:
This common type of dream dates from childhood when your mother came to tuck you in.
It is a dream that comes to those who have remained over-devoted to their mothers. It comes whenever they feel unloved and neglected by others and in need of feminine sympathy and maternal affection. It is as if



your subconscious wish were gratified and you were getting the affectionate attention you crave.
You should ask yourself whether you are more inclined passively to expect affection than actively to give it, in which case you may be feeding the vicious circle of expecting more, giving less, and therefore getting less.
In a mature relationship, one wishes to give a little more than one gets.

A PLAQUE MARKS THE SPOT...

The teen-age gambler reformed

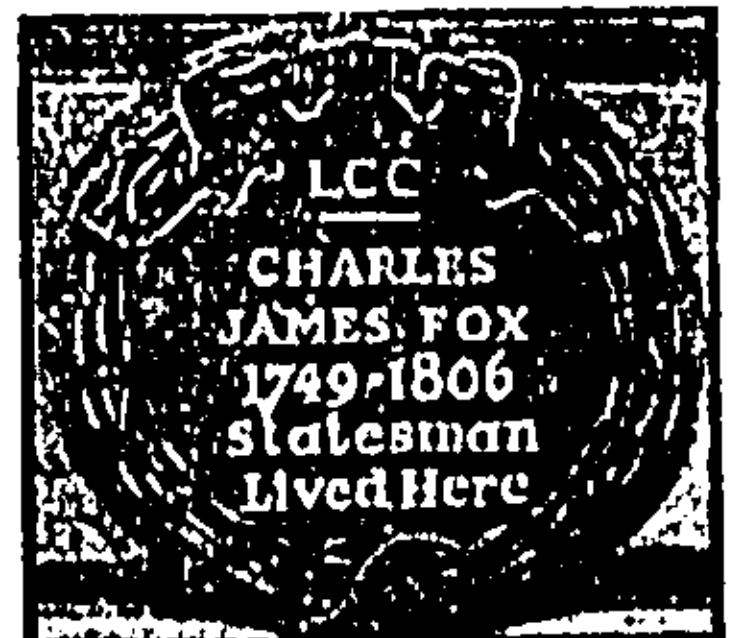
CHARLES James Fox, statesman, was a dissolute youth who became one of the most charming and popular men of his time.

His father, Henry Fox, Baron Holland, wanted to make a man of his third son, but went a strange way about it.

He encouraged young Charles to indulge in the vices of his seniors. Thus the lad became a heavy drinker and a reckless gambler, but Holland and his friends always came to the rescue and bought the creditors off.

But there was one occasion when the paternal purstrings were not loosened promptly. Down upon Charles James came the hapless, and away went his furniture to be sold to pay the debts.

At the age of 20 he turned away from the worst of his pursuits and began to think about politics.



What the plaque says.



The plaque (arrowed) shows where Fox lived.

He entered Parliament, and on reaching his majority, Lord North made him a Lord of the Admiralty. He held this office for about two years, and then resigned so that he could oppose the Royal Marriage Act.

North found him to be such an excellent debater that he urged him to return to the Government as a Lord of the Treasury.

Fox's independence, even in office, annoyed George III. A peremptory order went out from the Court to sack Fox.

In opposition Fox was unsurpassed. He attacked the ministerial policy which led to the secession of the American colonies, and refused to take office again for nearly 10 years.

In 1782 he became Foreign Secretary under Rockingham, but when the latter died, Fox rejected the advances of Shelburne.

Fox And North
Fox and North joined forces, and the two statesmen held office under the Duke of Portland. Again the King intervened, and Fox was dismissed, and his India Bill thrown out.

In the row between the King and the Prince of Wales, Fox supported the Prince, and he was excluded from the Coalition of 1804. Two years later Grenville had to accept him as Foreign Secretary.

Fox died in office in 1806 after he had been in opposition for more than 23 years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Shortly before his death he brought in a measure to abolish the slave trade. He and Burke between them may be said to have been the founders of British Liberalism. Burke had created a new Whig Party, and Fox joined him.

Together they fought the case for the American colonies; justice to India; justice to Ireland, and for the establishment of effective Parliamentary Government.

Fox is commemorated by a plaque at 40, Clarges Street, Piccadilly.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SLAVONIC RHAPSODY

In bustling Cape Town Harbour officials are still dazzled.

For years annually-visiting Russian wharves have brought their own portable Iron Curtain with them to Table Bay. Burly gangway guards made life tough for dock-covering newspapermen and cameramen.

Into the Bay steamed 16 ships with hammer and sickle ensigns fluttering aloft, full of whole oil and—cordially.

For dazed waterfront newsmen it was handshakes and caviar, backslapping and vodka in a sea of grinning Slav faces.

Erstwhile poker-faced expedition leader, Captain Alexei Solynik, chubbily beamed assent at one newspaperman who asked permission to ride with him to a city bank to pick up shore-going money for the ships' 713 men and 31 women.

Asked if the Kremlin's big somersault had echoed as far as Antarctic whaling grounds, he grinned: "We heard about a new spirit of understanding. But we haven't had orders about it. I don't know about such things."

Of an unidentified submarine which has recently worried Natal coast-dwellers, Solynik roared with laughter: "No, no submarines have we seen—only whales, plenty of whales."

But back at the harbour wharf workers had been deprived of their favourite annual sport—trying to make the Russians smile.

ROYAL HOLIDAY, REPUBLICAN STYLE

Thirty orphan girls, guests of Egypt's strong man, General Naguib, are vacationing in Fawouk's magnificent Montazah Palace near Alexandria, overlooking the Mediterranean.

Commented one: "We're having a royal holiday—thanks to the republic."

LOUD PROTEST

A pacifist to the Passionist Fathers in Rome stepped out from behind a lorry, pulled a French Foreign Legion pistol, shot his father-superior dead and wounded his vice-rector.

His explanation: "I was being underpaid."

CRIME IN INDIA

A Maltese priest, working as a Catholic missionary in India, is standing trial shortly. His crime: disrespect to the

CATCH 'EM YOUNG

Malta's Public Registrar coolly announced last week in his report for 1952 that 11 brides less than 15 years of age went to the altar last year.

BAD MEMORY

Giuseppe Scerim was well on his way to an assured place in the bandit world.

Each morning at dawn, he sauntered out into the streets of Milan, carefully selected a shop, pitched a brick through the window, and filled his bag with loot.

Then, one day, he sent an accomplice to sell a portable radio to a second-hand shop—one of the shops he had raided the week before.

The game was up. Said 33-year-old Scerim when he was arrested: "I cannot remember ALL the shops I have raided."

MORAL FIBRE

Burma's Communist party has a strict moral code.

Adultery, for instance, merits the death penalty—or, so it was.

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CHURCHIE FOR SHORT

Names make news—and news, it seems, makes names.

In Capetown, the Asian parents of two-year-old Mossadegh Gooliam re-registered the youngster as Charles Churchill Gooliam.

THAT'S BETTER

Laboriously, the New Zealand Government collected copies of the news reports and pictures of the Everest expedition and pasted them in a handsomely-bound book for presentation to "Tiger" Tensing.

Then they had second thoughts. They remembered that the Tiger can neither read nor write. So they pasted in some pictures of the New Zealand alps.

MM-MM!

It was his delicately-nurtured palate that did for forty-year-old burglar Luger Desvignes.

On his way out of a Brussels butcher-shop four months ago with the contents of the cash box, a suit and an overcoat, he spied a dish of succulent pate de foie.

The temptation was too great. He stopped just long enough to bite out a man-size portion.

Last week the public prosecutor proudly produced the remains of the pate—kept fresh in a police refrigerator—and demonstrated that the teeth marks in it fitted the gaps in Desvignes' top front teeth.

For Luger: Five years for committing five robberies.

EVEN BEFORE HE WENT TO ETON

Eton, party-faced, flat-chested, awkward little Eric Blair (born 1903, Bengal) decided that money was what counted.

What was his motive in deliberately seeking the Lower Depths?

Turn Hopkinskin, in booklet form and again in the Cornhill magazine, thinks that he was working off a guilt complex.

Blair himself says: "You have talked me going to the dogs—and, well, here are the dogs, and you have reached them, and you can stand it."

Under the name, George Orwell, he wrote a grim record of the world of the under-dog "Down and Out" in Paris and London. Twenty years after publication, the book sells more copies every year than the year before.

It has the objective passion which makes Orwell an outstanding reporter.

It has influenced social conscience and a touch of inverted snobbery: "If there is one man to whom I feel myself inferior it is a cool miner."

At this point in Orwell's career a superficial observer might have predicted for him the normal evolution of a middle-class Left intellectual, reaching apothecosis on the Communist back-benches or in the General's office.

He did not merely visit Spain during the Civil War; he was badly wounded while serving in an Anarchist battalion.

Lungs riddled with tuberculosis kept him out of the bigger war; he became an over-worked broadcaster, then a conscientious sergeant in the Home Guard.

The rank was nearly denied him when it was found that he had served with the Republicans in Spain. In the nick of time, his status as an Old Etonian was revealed.

Meanwhile, George Orwell was not making headway with little Eric Blair's main objective. In ten years of writing his earnings had averaged less than £3 a week.

Now during the later months of war, he wrote "Animal Farm," an exuberant fable in direct descent from Gulliver's Travels, satirizing Stalinist Communism. It shocked Left Wingers as a gratuitous public indecency.

Three-quarters of a million copies of English editions have been sold. The "neurotically vicious anti-Soviet tract" was translated into many languages and made into the first full-length British cartoon film.

Orwell, famous, retired to the Scottish island of Jura to put down on paper a scathing glimpse of a totalitarian future, "1984." The comic fantasy of Animal Farm had given place to a searing vision.

This impressive, anti-Communist novel was banned in Elze, sold 300,000 copies in the English language, was called in America "timely as the label on a bottle of poison."

"It wouldn't have been so gloomy," said Orwell, "if I hadn't been so ill." He was ill enough to die a few months later, in University College Hospital, aged 47.

He left £2,000, and a request that no biography of him should be written. Eric Blair's first hundred thousand was still far over the horizon, but George Orwell had found a more urgent purpose to which he was willing to give death and life.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

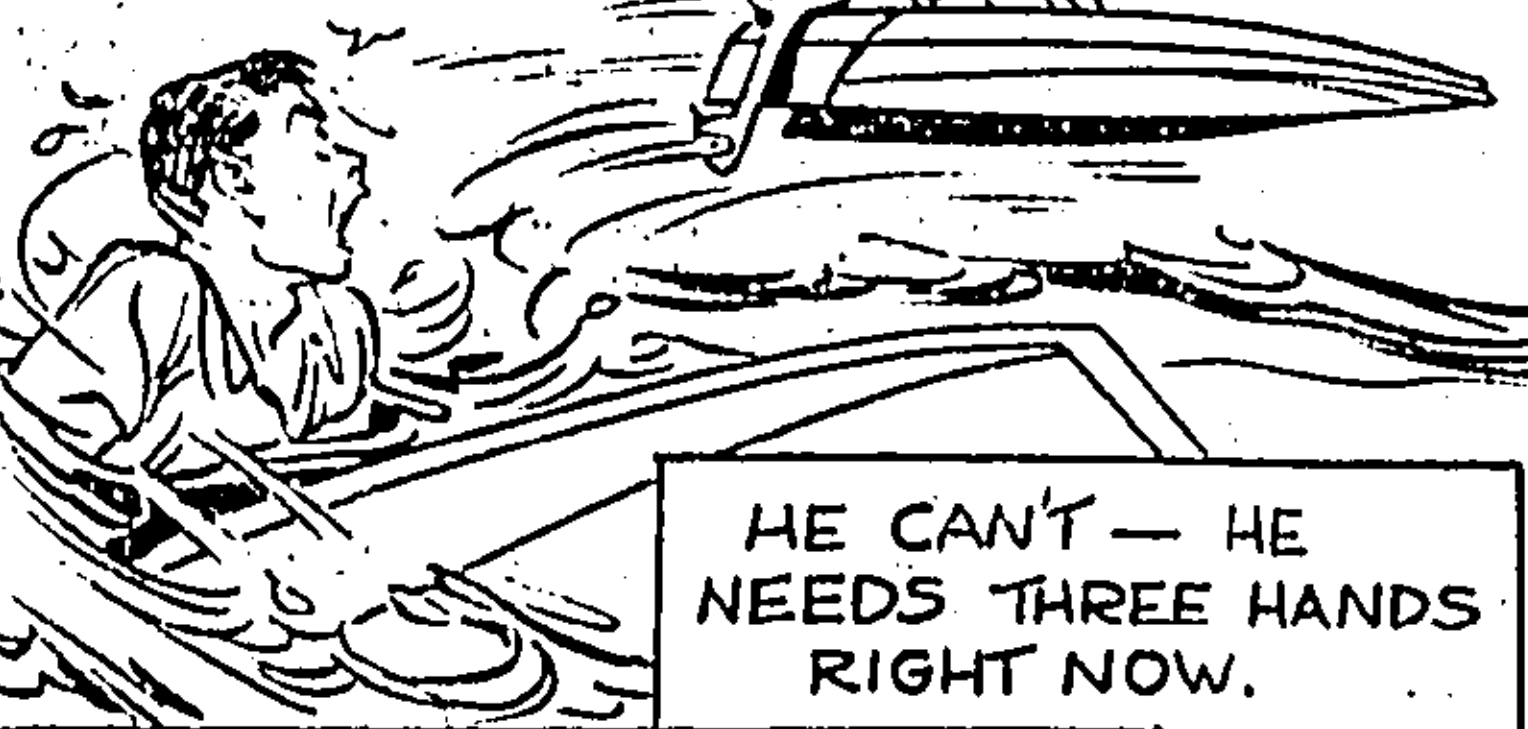
All At Sea

BY HARRY WEINERT

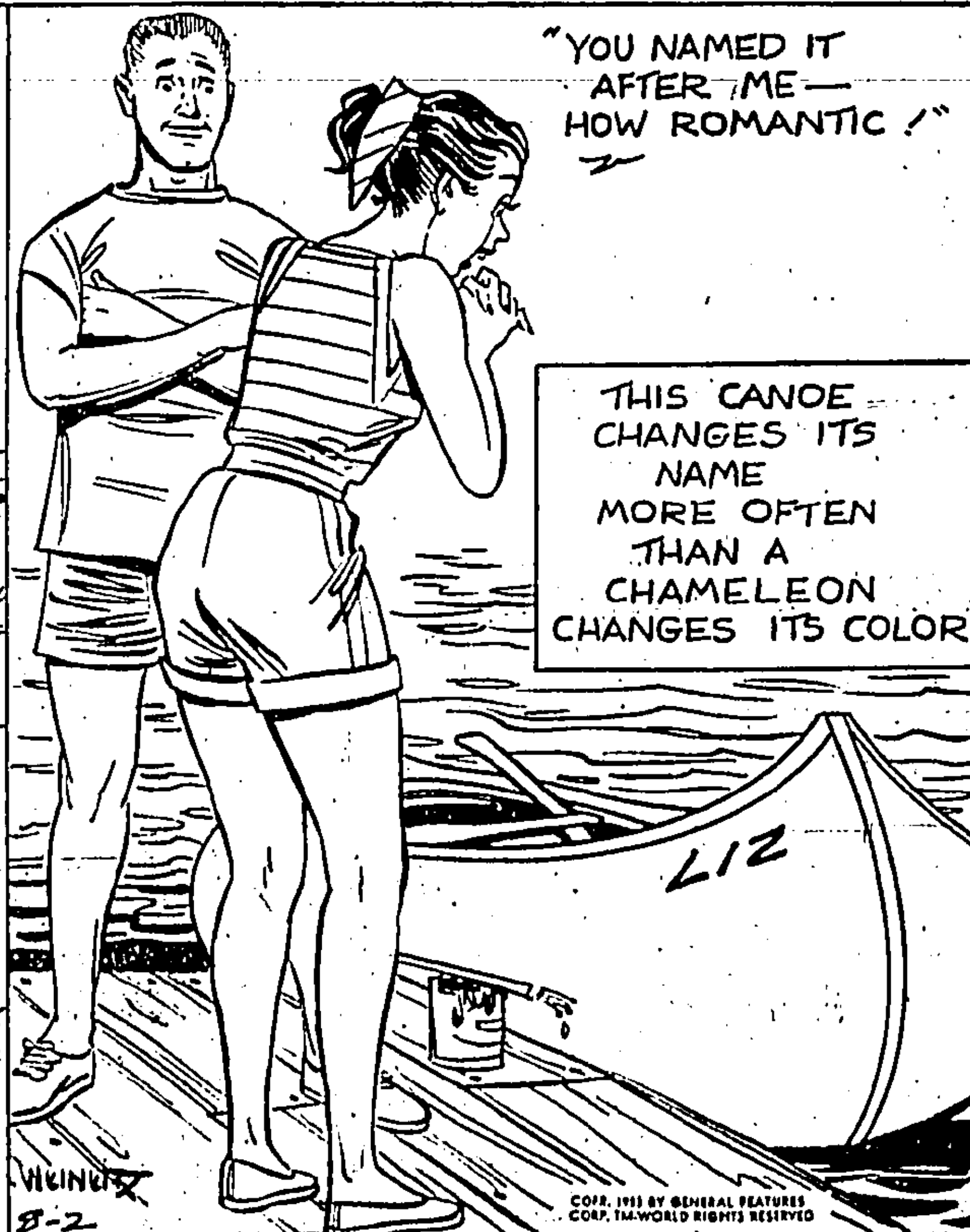


A SHIPWRECK ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE ON THE SEA OF MATRIMONY

"WHY DON'T YOU HOLD OUT YOUR HAND?"

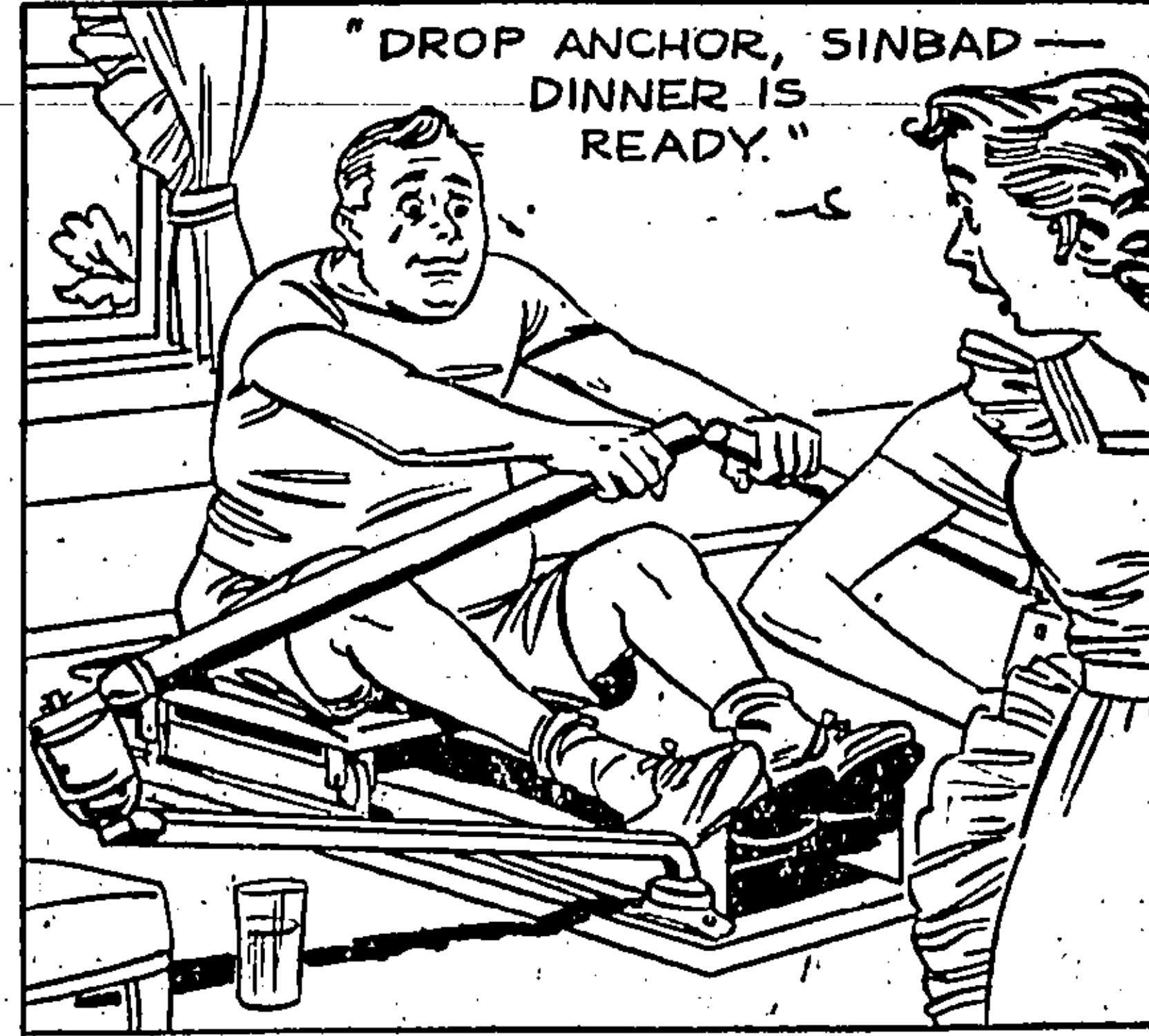


HE CAN'T—HE NEEDS THREE HANDS RIGHT NOW.



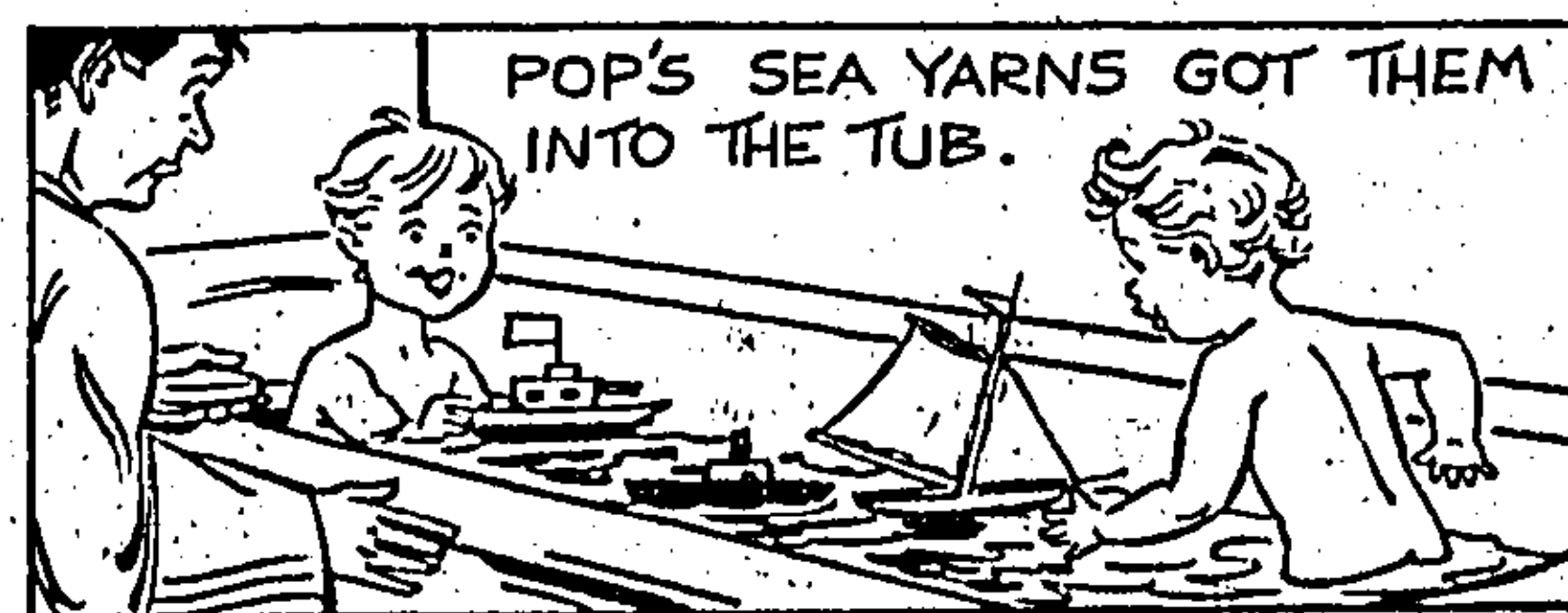
"YOU NAMED IT AFTER ME—HOW ROMANTIC!"

THIS CANOE CHANGES ITS NAME MORE OFTEN THAN A CHAMELEON CHANGES ITS COLOR

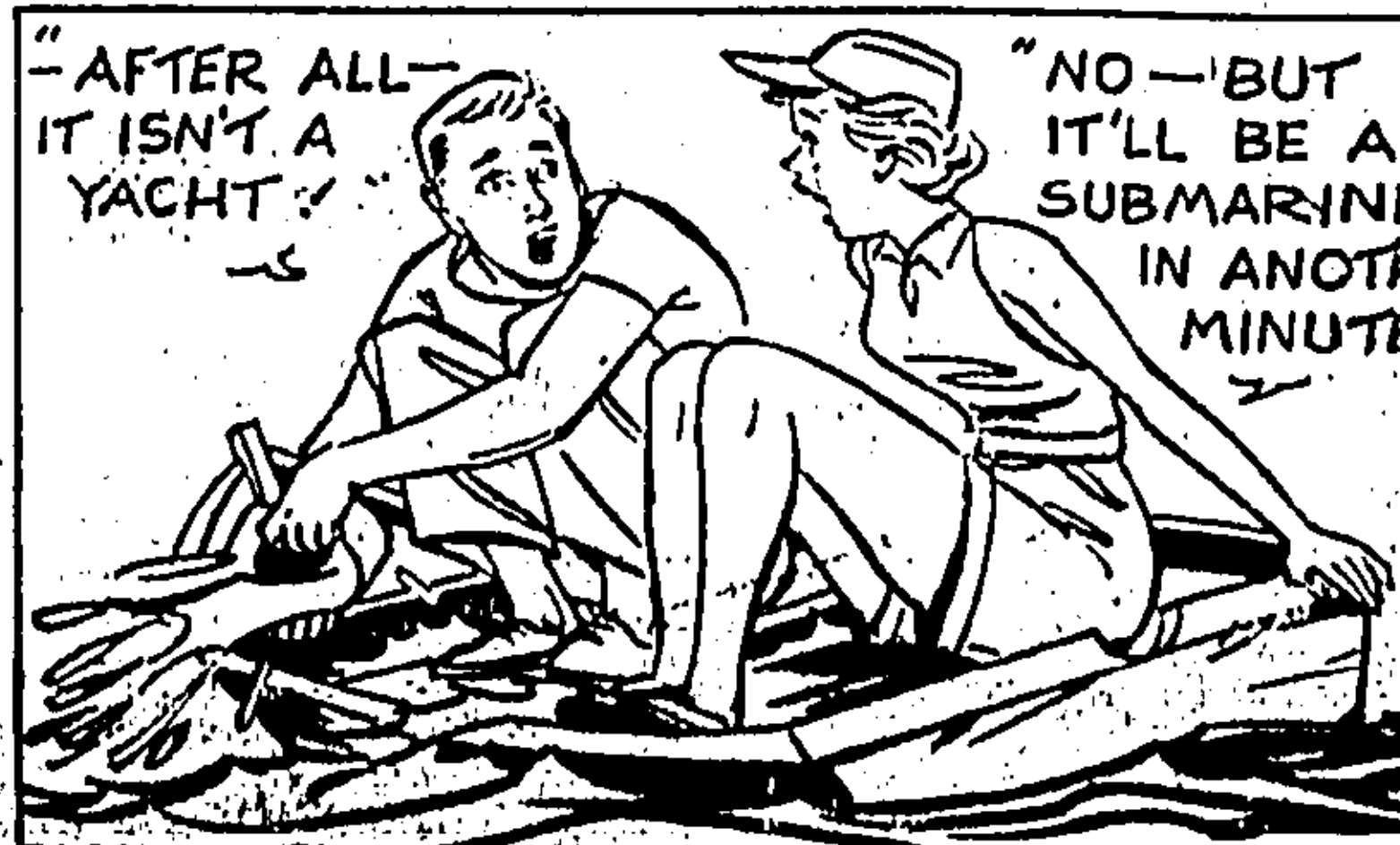


"DROP ANCHOR, SINBAD—DINNER IS READY."

TAKING IT OFF—AND PUTTING IT ON

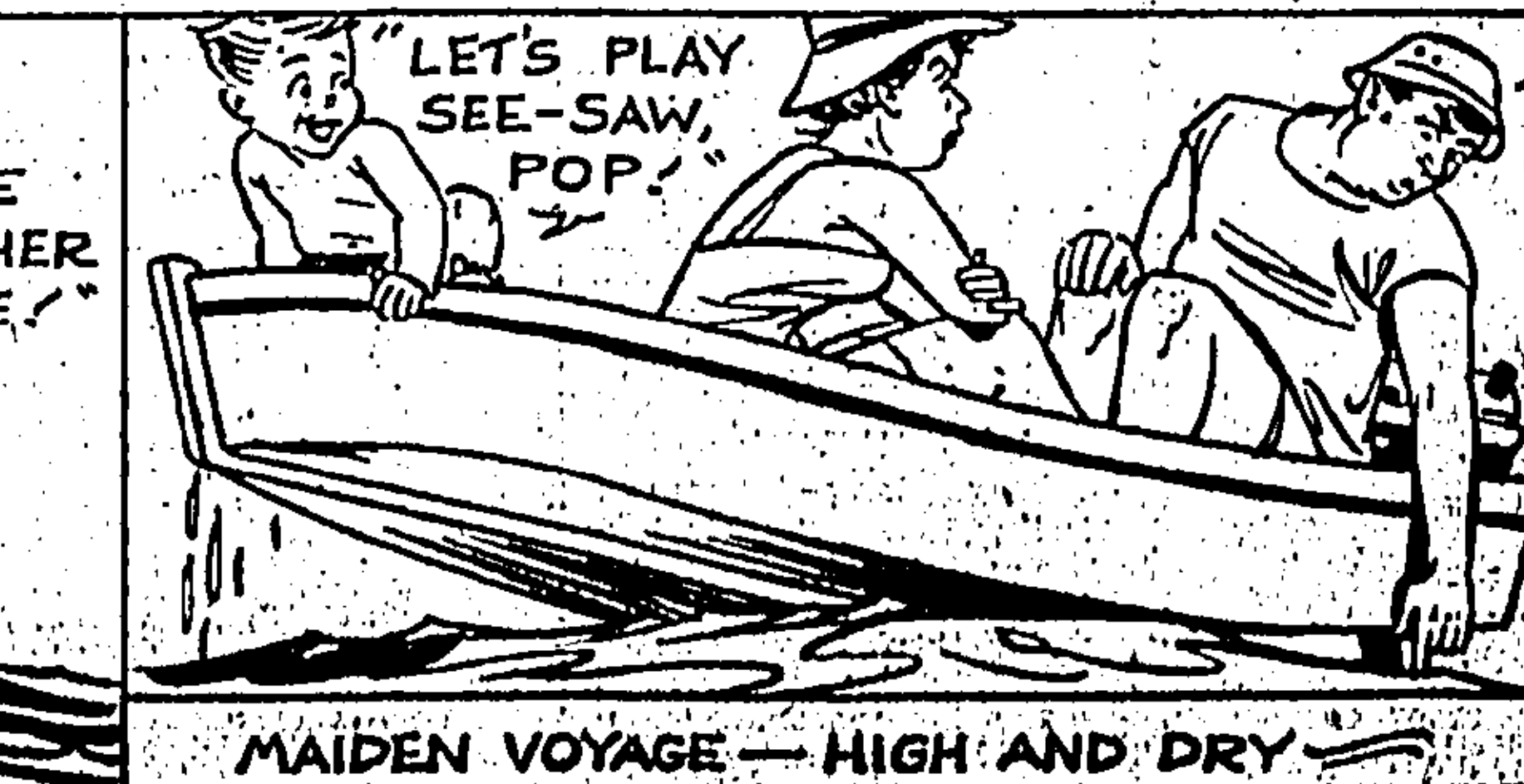


POP'S SEA YARNS GOT THEM INTO THE TUB



"AFTER ALL—IT ISN'T A YACHT."

"NO—BUT IT'LL BE A SUBMARINE IN ANOTHER MINUTE."



"LET'S PLAY SEE-SAW, POP."

MAIDEN VOYAGE—HIGH AND DRY



ANOTHER HARDY SEAFARER TRIUMPHS OVER THE ELEMENTS.

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"PAKHAI"	Tientsin	10 a.m.	30th Sept.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	5 p.m.	30th Sept.
"SZECHUEN"	Singapore, Penang & Belawan	10 a.m.	1st Oct.
"YOHOW"	Shanghai	10 a.m.	2nd Oct.
"FOYANG"	Moji, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe (passengers only)	Noon	2nd Oct.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	5 p.m.	7th Oct.
"HUNAN"	Tientsin	10 a.m.	9th Oct.
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	10 a.m.	9th Oct.
"FOOCHOW"	Bangkok	8 a.m.	10th Oct.
"FUKIEN"	Djakarta, Semarang, Surabaya & Macassar	8 a.m.	11th Oct.
Sails from Custodian Wharf			
"SZECHUEN"	Singapore	8 a.m.	27th Sept.
"PAKHAI"	Bangkok	7 a.m.	27th Sept.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 a.m.	28th Sept.
"HUEH"	Tientsin	20th Sept.	
"YOHOW"	Shanghai	20th Sept.	
"FOOCHOW"	Kobe	8th Oct.	
"FUKIEN"	Kobe	8th Oct.	

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"CHANGSHIA"	Kobe, Yokohama, Yokohama & Kobe	3rd Oct.	
"SHANSHI"	Sydney, Pt. Moresby, Samarai, Rabaul, Kavieng, Madang & Lae	19th Oct.	
ARRIVALS FROM			
"CHANGTE"	Kobe	In Port	
"CHANGSHIA"	Australia & Manila	20th Sept.	
"TAIYUAN"	Australia & Japan	31st Oct.	

BLUE FUNNEL LINE			
Scheduled Sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said.			
Leads			
"PYRRHUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Oct.	8th Oct.
"ASCANIUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th Oct.	14th Oct.
"SCALCHAS"	Genoa, London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg	20th Oct.	22nd Oct.
"AGAPENOR"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Oct.	24th Oct.
"PELEUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Nov.	6th Nov.
Scheduled Sailings from Europe			
Leads			
G. "AGAPENOR"	Liverpool	27th Sept.	Arrives Hong Kong
G. "CALCHAS"	do	6th Oct.	
G. "PELEUS"	do	13th Oct.	
G. "ATREUS"	do	20th Oct.	
G. "DELLEROPION"	do	27th Oct.	
G. "MENTOR"	3rd Oct.	13th Oct.	
G. "PATROCLOS"	18th Oct.	22nd Nov.	
G. "ANTIOCHUS"	18th Oct.	22nd Nov.	

DE LA RAMA LINES			
ARRIVING FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC COAST PORTS.			
Sails N.Y.			
"TELEMACHUS"	Sailed	18th Oct.	Arr. H.K.
"DONA NATI"	Sailed	31st Oct.	
"BENARES"	25th Sept.	17th Oct.	15th Oct.
"AJAX"	10th Oct.	1st Nov.	1st Dec.
"HAINAN"	24th Oct.	15th Nov.	14th Dec.
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Leads			
"DONA ALICIA"	3rd Oct.	4th Oct.	
"BATAAN"	10th Oct.	20th Oct.	
"TELEMACHUS"	10th Nov.	20th Nov.	

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

PUZZLES TO TEST YOUR WIT

Insect Robus

Four insects have been concealed in this rebus. You'll have fun finding them by using the words and pictures to the best advantage:



Vowel-less Bugs

Here are three more insects, but this time the vowels have been left out of their names. Can you finish them?

MMT
WLKNG STCK
PTT BG

Insect Mix-Ups

Rearrange the letters in each of the strange lines following so you will have the names of four insects:

LEAF
ACADIC
CLOT US
SELF H YOU

Pesky Diamond

ROACHES form the centre of this insect diamond. The second word is "a feathered scurf"; third "to prop"; fifth "pains"; and sixth Scottish for "eyes." Finish the diamond.

R
O
A
CHES
H
E
S

(Solutions: Page 16)

ZOO'S WHO



THE FRINGE-FOOTED LIZARD OF SOUTH-WEST UNITED STATES SWIMS THROUGH SOFT SAND... WOMEN WERE NOT THE FIRST TO WEAR BIRD WINGS ON THEIR HATS! IN THE DARK AGES VIKINGS AND SAXON WARRIORS ADORNED THEIR HELMETS WITH WINGS OF THE RAVEN. A BIRD THEY CONSIDERED SACRED

So the world sees a king in glasses

STAMPS make news today. They come from three continents and tell three stories—of a king's glasses, of triumphant progress, and of a fine achievement. First the king—Baudouin of the Belgians. A new stamp, issued recently, shows him full face—wearing glasses. Older stamps show him side-face—without glasses. Many Belgians did not like it. They said they wanted their king to appear on the nation's stamps as he really is. Now they have got their wish and the youthful king will travel the world, on stamps, with his glasses on.

The other stories? They are told in new stamps from India and America, stories of man's skill and courage. Here they are:

A jet—and its grandfather—on a stamp

THE world watches Neville Duke — and Britain's other jet stars. And this new American air-mail stamp records that it is only 50 years since men started to fly in power-driven planes.

The stamp telling the story of this triumph in progress shows a plane like the one used by the first power-driven airplane, Orville and Wilbur Wright, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903. Just below it is a jet-age model. The stamp is perforated 10½ by 11 and costs 8d.

WANT A MAGIC CARPET RIDE?

—Find Yourself a Door Mat, and Call Mr. Merlin!—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, were sitting under the shady apple tree, reading from a book it was an interesting story. First Hanid read aloud and Knarf listened, then Knarf read aloud and Hanid listened. Finally they came to the end of the story and Knarf said: "It's a wonderful story, Hanid... only I don't think it can be true."

"I don't think it can be true either," Then she sighed. "But I wish it could be true. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could do what that little lame prince did?"

They Hoard Footsteps. Knarf was just about to say that the trouble with most stories was that they weren't true, when all at once they heard footsteps. Looking up, they saw their friend, Mr. Merlin the Magician, taking his black cat, Minerva out for an airing. Minerva sat on Mr. Merlin's shoulder, purring. "What can't you do that the little lame prince did?" Mr. Merlin asked as he and Minerva stopped in front of Knarf and Hanid.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHERS

By Harold Gluck

ARCHERY is an ancient sport. Its history dates back to early England. Then it was not considered so much a sport as a means of protection.

The English longbow, which was used throughout the fourteenth century, was used effectively and with fair accuracy at ranges of 600 to 800 yards.

From the reign of Edward I (1271-1307) to the sixteenth century, there was placed in English code statutes which later became known as the Archery Laws. These compelled every male citizen from 12 to 60 years of age, except nobility, to practise with a longbow on Sundays and holidays. Archery ranges were erected in every town at community expense. And the village officials were charged with providing equipment and with the planning of community meets.

During this period the design of the longbow was standardized. Rules stated that it must be made of elm, six feet, four inches in length, and capable of driving "an arrow at a hundred yards through a four-inch oak door until the arrow and shaft protruded from the other side the width of a hand's breadth."

A fair price was set to encourage ownership. A plain bow could be purchased for one shilling. A painted bow cost one shilling and six pence. Standard arrows three feet long were furnished at a rate of two dozen for one shilling and two pence.

ARCHERY HISTORY

ONE has only to read English history to realise the importance that these laws played in building the English archer into the most respected soldier of his day. At the Battle of Crecy, fought on August 26, 1346, the English army was outnumbered four to one. Yet, it routed and practically annihilated the powerful army of Philip VI of Valois. The perfect marksmanship of the English longbowmen maintained throughout the battle a superiority of fire of ten arrows against one from the crossbows of Philip's Genoese.

It was common for the expert English archers to have three arrows in the air at one time from the same bow. The English arrows easily pierced the light armour of the French horsemen, upon whose charges Philip had relied to bring him ultimate victory. To show you how effective were those bows and arrows here are the final records of that battle. Of the 40,000 men in King Philip's original army, over 20,000 were casualties in one form or another. The English losses amounted to only 60 men!

TIPS FOR ENGINEERS

PERHAPS, though, you're a modern-day beginner at the sport.

Bows are made in various pulling weights. The pulling weight represents the pounds of pull which are required for a "full draw" of an arrow.

Actually, the entire equipment for archery consists of the bow, arrows, quiver, target, finger tab used to protect shooting fingers, and the arm guard used to protect the arm from the bow string. A good backyard target is a burlap bag filled tightly with dried seaweed.

The standard events in target archery are called "rounds." Each round specifies the distances to be shot and the number of arrows that are to be shot at each given distance.

Rupert and Ozzie—13

"Come on, Rupert," says Mr. Bear. "You're just in time to help me brighten the place up with these flags. We must be as gay as we can to celebrate the great things that are going to happen. Rupert agrees happily and while Mr. Bear is busy with the flags, Rupert and Ozzie are busy with the flags." Rupert and Ozzie are busy with the flags.

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"OBRA"			
due 13th Oct.	from Japan		
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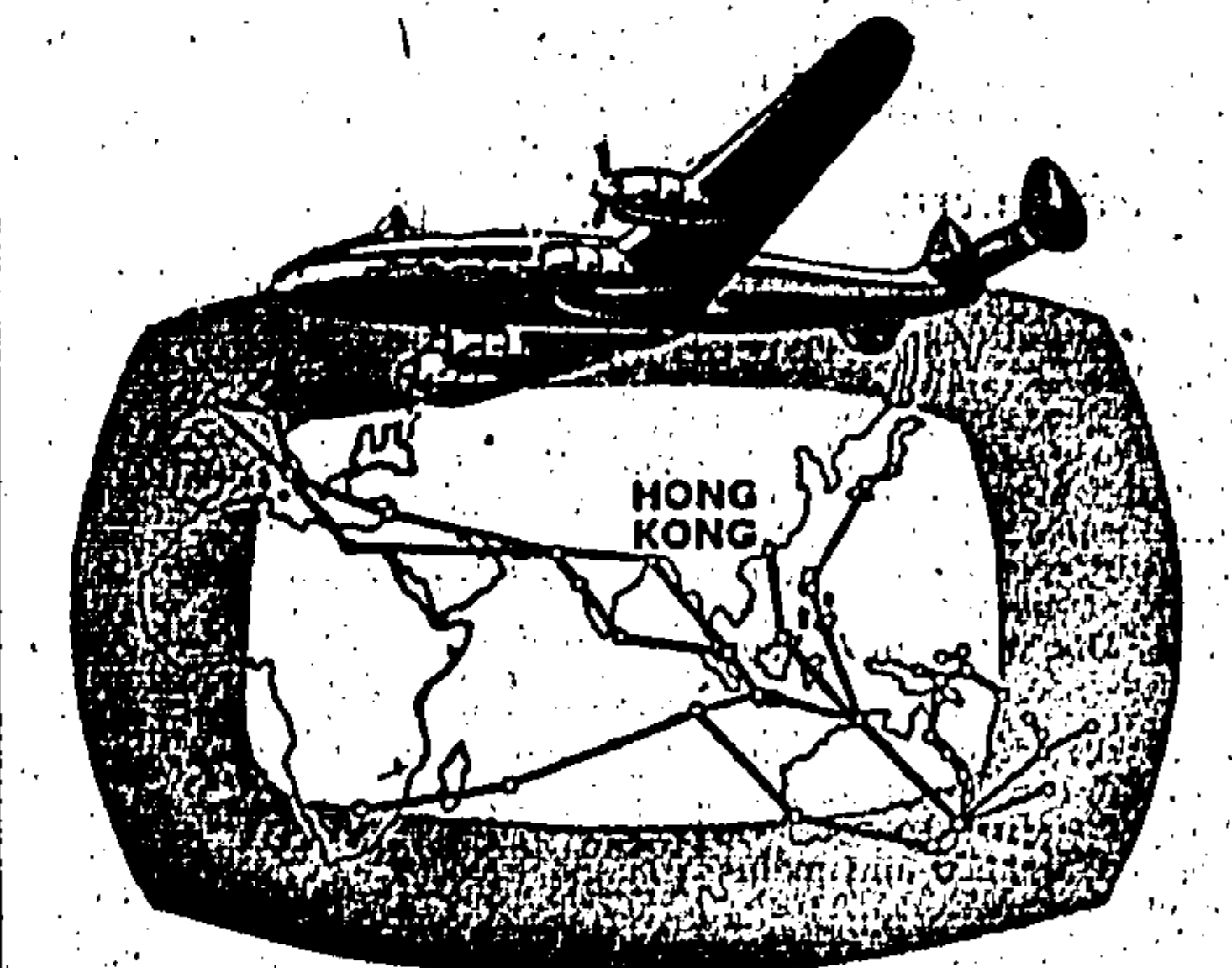
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